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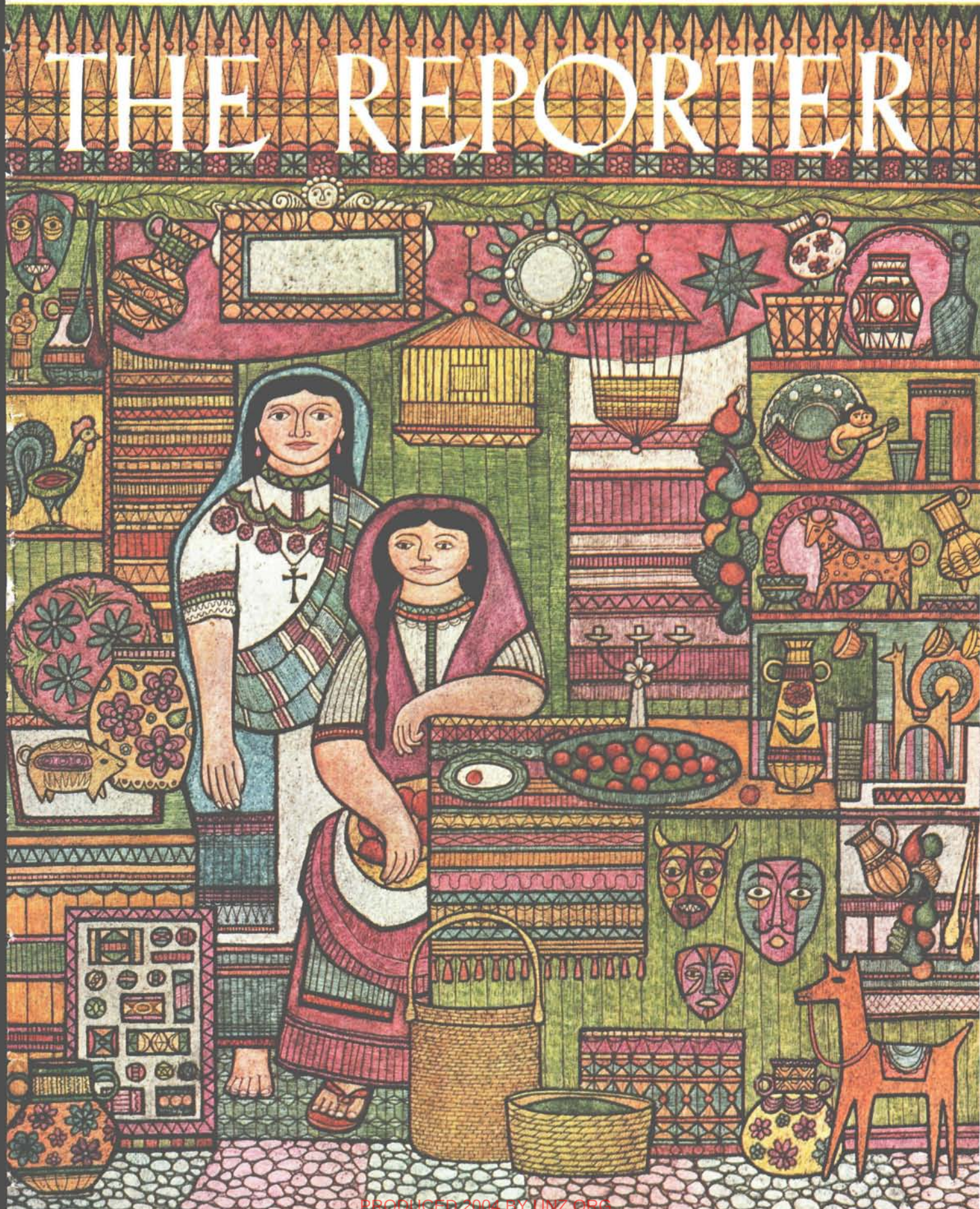
September 18, 1958 25¢

The Paradox of Peru (page 30)

THE REPORTER



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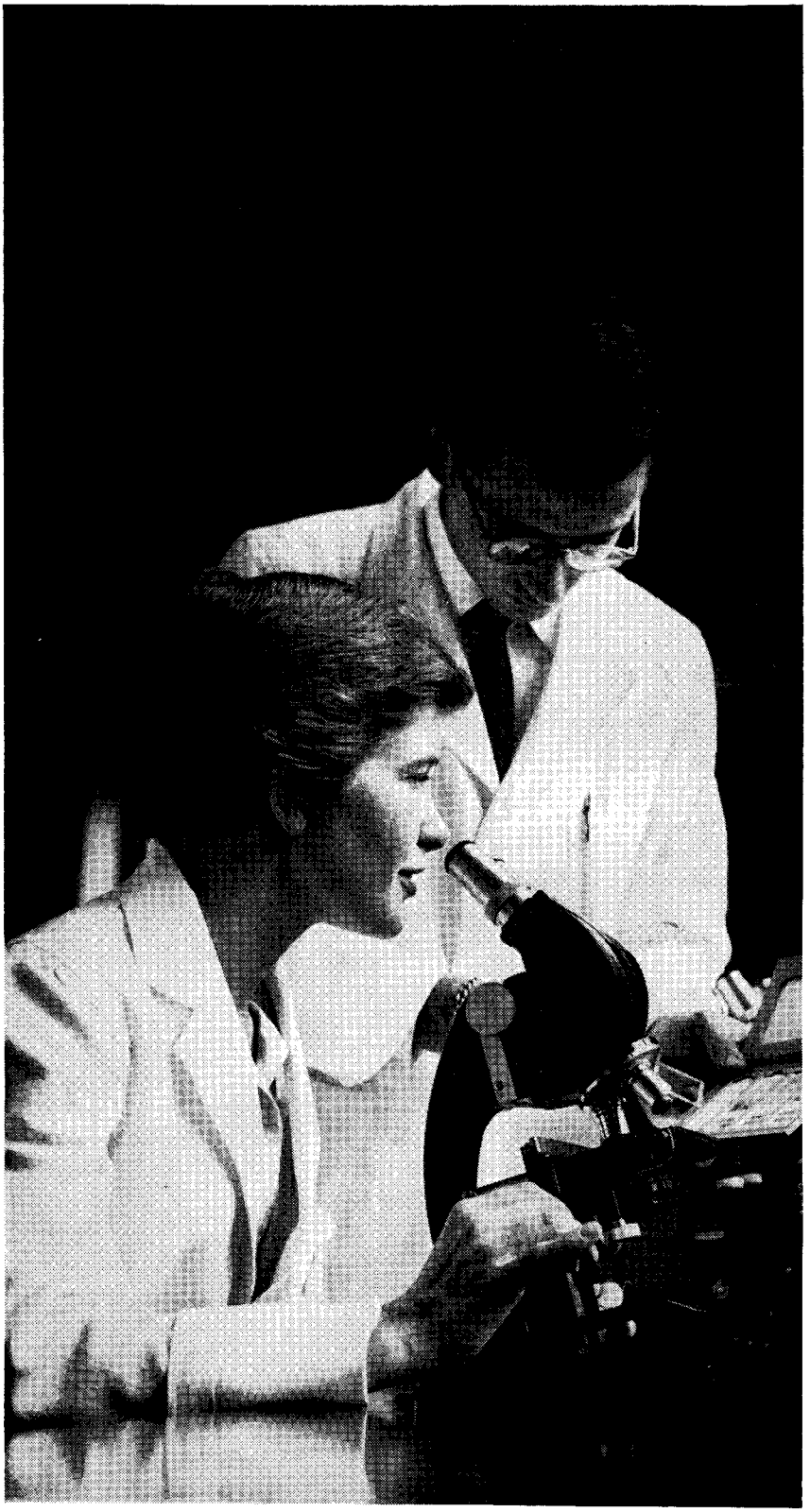

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GEORGE SCHWARTZ, Fellow of the New York Academy of Science, is a prominent science educator. *PHILIP W. BISHOP*, Head Curator, Department of Arts and Manufactures, U.S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution.

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Or, what was it like to peer into the new world of the microscope in the 17th century? Van Leeuwenhoek delightedly reports ". . . many little animalcules very prettily a-moving . . . sometimes stuck out two little horns." Van Leeuwenhoek did not realize their significance, but the reader of MOMENTS OF DISCOVERY — thanks to the editors' commentary — more fully appreciates the importance of the achievement in a broad scientific perspective.

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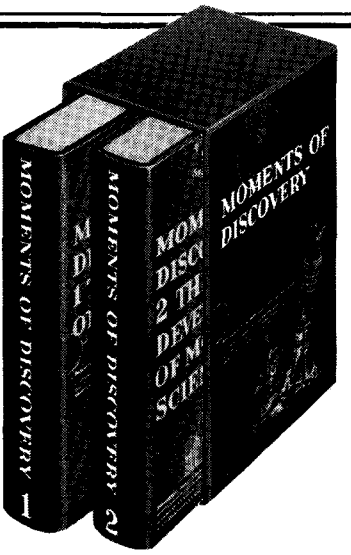

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

To Be or Not to Be

If the human race is really scheduled for extinction in the not distant future, as we are warned by an increasing number of Cassandras, it will evidently go down in a blaze of verbiage. A few weeks ago Jehovah's Witnesses spilled over Yankee Stadium to testify to the beginning of the end, but their rather cheery expectations were terse compared with the discussion that has raged all summer in the pages of our esteemed contemporary, the *New Leader*. In a kind of apocalyptic Ping-pong tourney that has been going on since April, Professors Sidney Hook and Bertrand Russell have been batting back and forth the question of whether man's extinction in a burst of hydrogen atoms is to be preferred to the triumph of Communism.

Since "those who are unborn cannot reproach us for denying them the bliss of birth in a Communist world . . ." Hook is "not persuaded that a choice of resistance, even if it threatens the probable destruction of the human race, is morally worse than a surrender . . ." Recalling, on the other hand, that the savage warriors who destroyed the Minoan-Mycenean civilization became, in time, the Greeks whom we revere and that the grandson of the Stalinlike Genghis Khan was Kublai Khan, "a highly civilized monarch under whom Chinese culture flourished," Russell maintains that "a Communist victory would not be so great a disaster as the extinction of human life."

Ah, asks Dr. Hook, but was it worth the price to those who had to suffer under Genghis? To which Russell replies that he did not say it was, but merely that history indicated that tyrannies do in time give way to triumphs of civilization. And who were Dr. Hook and his followers to "impose their opinion upon those who do not hold it by the infliction of the death penalty upon all of them?" So the contest raged.

Since we are neither more nor less involved in the issue than Hook or Russell, or Brigitte Bardot for that matter, we have no hesitation about injecting the opinion that the whole debate is morbid fantasy. If the Russell position were to become the proclaimed view of the West, the Russians would have only to serve an ultimatum and the world would be theirs. On the other hand, Dr. Hook chose to accept a debate in terms of unmanageable, unthinkable absolutes—surrender or extinction. These absolutes simply cannot be the subject of either logical discussion or political decision.

General Pierre M. Gallois argues in this issue that nuclear weapons are essential but useless. Therefore both we and the Russians must make every effort to reach a modus vivendi—to negotiate so that both sides may base their defenses on a weapons system suited to punish an enemy but not to destroy mankind. From this viewpoint, we are for limited war—and limited philosophizing.

A Ray of Hope

The $64,000 question on television now is whether the quiz shows are real contests or an intellectual grunt-and-groan equivalent of wrestling. While there has not been the faintest intimation that such national heroes as Charles Van Doren and Elfrida von Nardroff were anything but honest, "Twenty-One," the program on which they won their fame and fortune, and "Dotto" have been charged by former contestants with having been rigged. Naturally one sympathizes with the honest contestants in their embarrassment, but the blight that has suddenly fallen on all the giveaway shows must be counted a blessing.

For one thing, the phony exuberance with which bedroom suites, livestock, and free trips to the Riviera are dealt out on these shows has always smacked of the carnival barker at his shabbiest. The generous donors get their products plugged over the air waves for a good deal less than if they paid for straight advertising time, while the dazed recipients eventually pay out more in taxes than they can afford and, according to those who know the business, often find themselves sadly disappointed in their loot.

Harriet Van Horne, the Scripps-Howard TV critic, reports that among the grievances she has encountered, the glorious vacation trips are the

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Verwoerd, Christian soldiers
Marching as to war,
Raise the flag triumphant,
White with rampant Boer.

Rally all the righteous,
Stem the dark disgrace:
From Little Rock to Capetown,
Keep them in their place.

Verwoerd, Christian soldiers
And implement God's will,
That only whites may claim Him,
From Cape to Notting Hill.

—SEC

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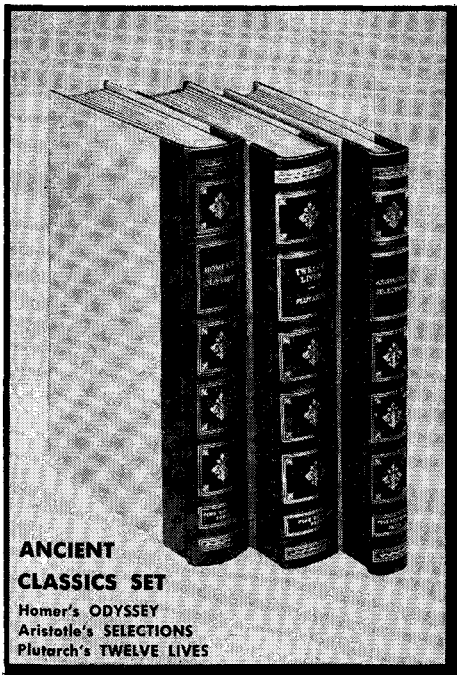

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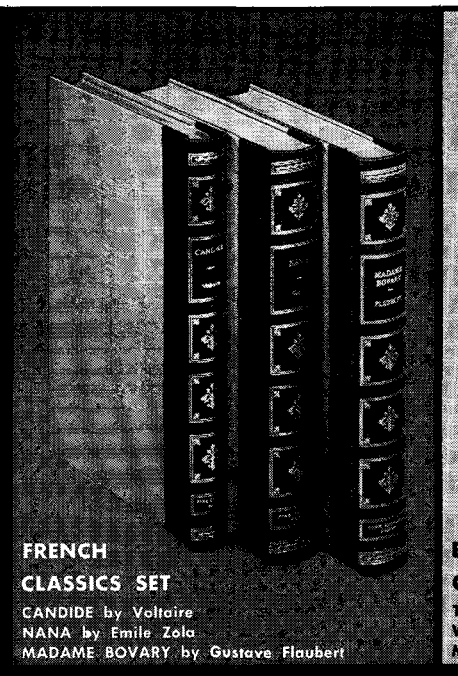

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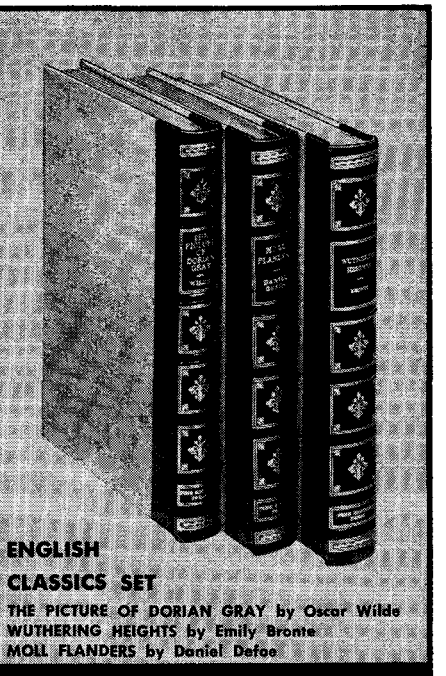

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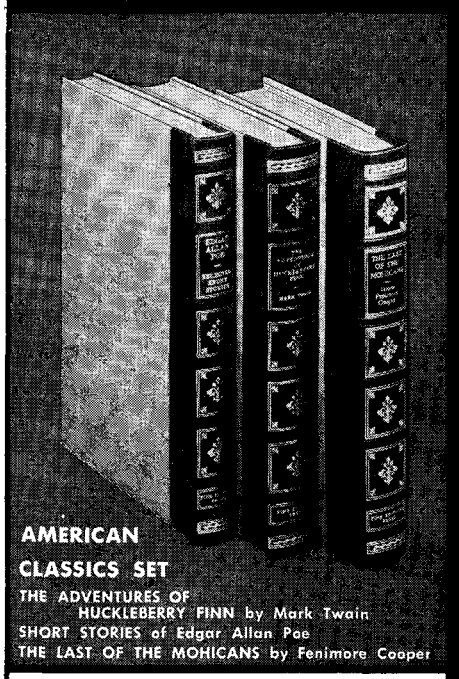

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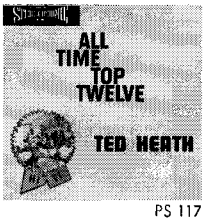

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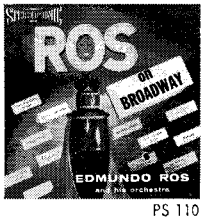

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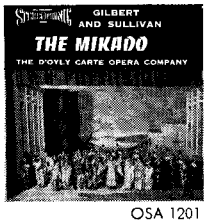

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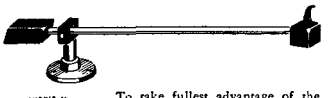

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saddest. She cites the couple who won a trip to the Brussels Exposition, only to discover that no lodgings in Brussels were included and none were to be had, with the result that they spent five hours at the fair and were home again in four days. Others find that they enjoy a "luxury holiday" in Florida "in a small airless room under the eaves, equidistant between bath and hall phone."

Even shabbier than such prizes, though, is the perpetuation of the idea that brains or learning consists in knowing the exact height of Mont Blanc and the ability to rattle off the names of the Byzantine Emperors. No doubt some of the contestants have a huge repertory of such useless information, but maybe it's as well for the rest of us to doubt, from now on, that people actually go around with their heads stuffed with that sort of thing.

Quiz shows, like everything American, acquired for a time an extraordinary popularity in a number of other countries. In Italy, for instance, "*Lascia o Raddoppia*" was all the rage for a while, and now we are told it is just about dead. In spite of what philosophers may think (see previous Note), the human race will survive.

The Durable Mr. Benson

If cats have nine lives, Secretary Benson must have at least twice that number. Predictions of his political demise have been about as reliable as weather forecasts. In his latest triumph he has even managed to get the better of Speaker Rayburn, who had let it be known near the end of the recent session that there would be no farm bill, and that if Mr. Benson and the President didn't like it they could lump it. A few days later the House meekly passed a farm bill giving Mr. Benson pretty much what he wanted all along: lower price supports, larger acreage allotments for cotton and rice, and the prospect of no Federal controls at all for corn.

This step in the direction of less stringent controls and greater reliance on the forces of the market raises a question that will not find an answer for a year or so. Will the lower support prices be passed on to the retail level and, if so, will they

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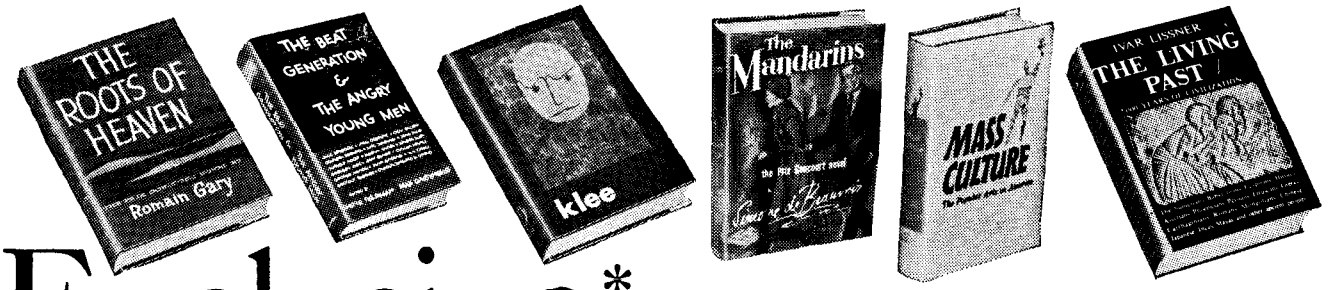

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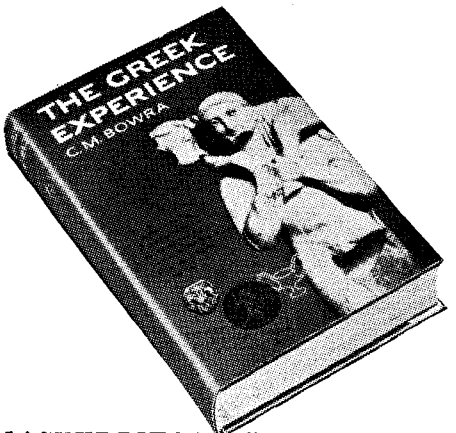

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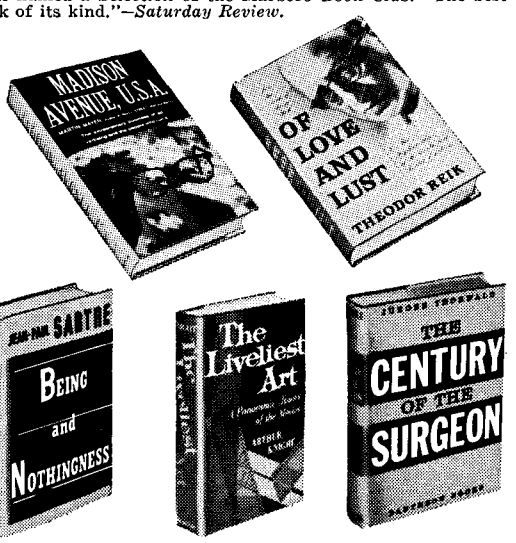

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bring larger sales? If they don't, all that will happen will be a reduction in farm income, and bigger surplus accumulation in the hands of the government. Neither possibility will make Mr. Benson very happy.

Since the end of the war, reductions in prices to the farmer have not generally survived the long passage through the distributing maze, and thus the hoped-for increase in sales has usually failed to materialize. The strong bargaining position of those who process, transport, and distribute farm products has kept the reduction of farm prices from being reflected in the retail market.

Should this happen again, it is altogether likely that Mr. Benson will direct his fire against the "stickiness" of costs in the distribution system, a subject on which his department has amassed much material. Unfortunately, such a turn would take him still farther away from the real issue that Congress has been refusing to face: how can the size of our farm economy be reduced and how can marginal producers be transformed to nonfarm activities?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

BY ERIC SEVAREID

The overtones of public and official talk about American labor have been carrying a new note. There is not so much now about labor's rights, more about labor's power and responsibilities. And like business firms or families, labor unions differ. Generalization is unsafe, but some observations are accurate in enough instances to make them valid.

One of the fascinating developments has been what one might call the psychological absorption of labor by capitalism; the uncanny imitation, in labor unions, of the manners and mores of business establishments—labor matching business, step by step, a generation behind. Once great businesses were not only run by but owned by individuals of great power, before the salaried manager-and-committee system took over.

The power those individuals then had is matched today only by the power of certain individuals in what James Hoffa quite rightly calls "the labor business," not the "labor movement." And so, in some great labor unions today, we have the same paternalism and the same nepotism we once had in great business, with the boss handing on control to his son or his nephew or brother. When clerical employees in the national headquarters of the AFL-CIO talked about organizing their own union, one of them, a daughter of George Meany, uttered a remark since become classic: "Why do you want to do that? Father knows what is best for you."

And when clerical employees of a large and progressive union in New York talked about organizing, one of their bosses was astounded, "Why do you want a union? We're just one big happy family here"—a remark that hundreds of corporation presidents made a generation ago but few make today.

There is today, among some labor bosses, the same childlike fascination in finance, in deals, in handling big chunks of money that was true of successful businessmen in the booming wonderland of the 1920's; Beck and Hoffa are prime examples of wide-eyed wonder at the reproductive capacity of money. There is today the same delight in monuments to self among labor leaders that was true of businessmen—the passion for immense offices, dictaphones, push buttons, for towering buildings in the latest architectural vogue, however vulgar and ostentatious.

Who can tell a successful labor leader from a successful businessman, by the clothes he wears, the cigars he smokes, the clubs he joins, or the civic and educational boards on which he sits? Little of political ideology remains to organized labor; the goals are almost exclusively material in nature and limited in degree. It is a vast, vested interest, the other side of the identical coin of capitalism.

Little wonder that the public talk today centers on labor's responsibilities to the general society. Little wonder that the same laws that gradually regulated the once unregulated power of business are slowly creeping upon organized labor. Power is power, in whatever segment of society; and democratic societies will always move to dilute its heavy concentration.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

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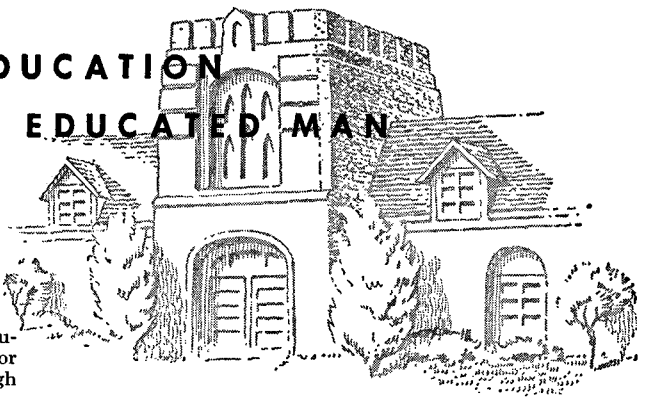
"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."



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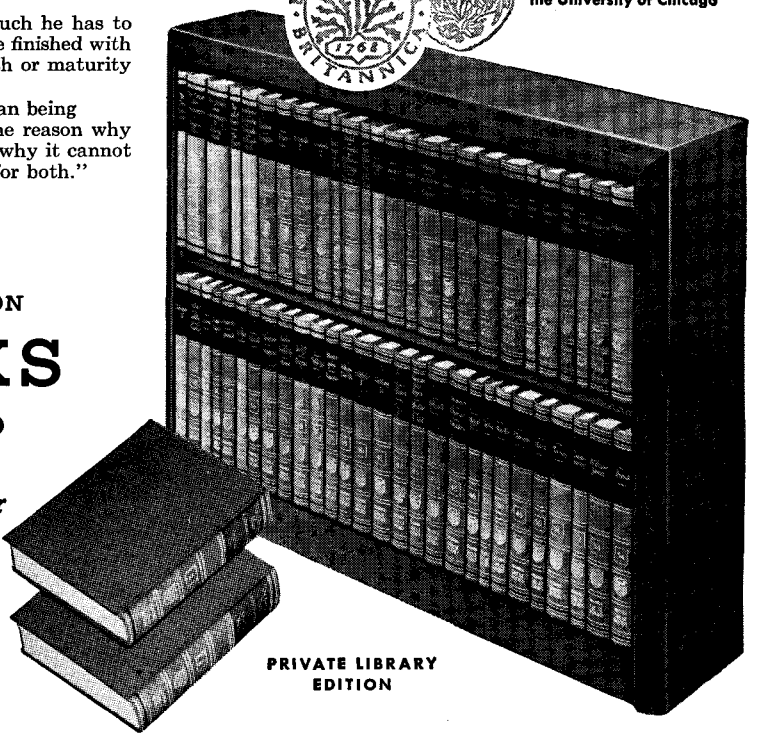

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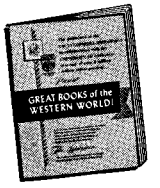

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THE MIDEAST

To the Editor: Your editorial and the articles, from Senator Humphrey's informative and constructive analysis to the realistic reporting and interpretation of events in Iraq, Lebanon, and Jordan, make one earnestly wish that every literate American will read and ponder your August 7 issue.

W. L. HUSBAND
Dobbs Ferry, New York

DE GAULLE AND HISTORY

To the Editor: Some day de Gaulle's accession to power will provide an interesting chapter in political semantics. The same actions in a less genteel and "philosophic" Strong Man would have brought him under the heavy guns of the entire democratic press.

Instead, in your Note "Of Bricks and Straw" (August 7), there is the curious, mesmeric language that the general seems able to evoke everywhere. You speak of his "extraordinary adventure in responsible personal leadership." Surely, to gamble with the liberties of the Fourth Republic may be called an adventure; but shouldn't the adjective be "precarious"? And what does "responsible" mean? Responsible to the Assembly, whom he sent on holidays? To the electorate, who had no constitutional opportunity to vote him in or out? Or possibly to an Algerian paratroop elite?

I appreciate the intentional irony of your remark, "De Gaulle's work is already complicated by the fact that the only politicians operating now in France are Gaullists." But where is the shock? Elsewhere you refer to "the role he has assigned himself, to be the founder of a new form of government." Forgive me for being literal, but *is* this new form to be a republic, modified along English lines, or what?

Leaving aside your comments on de Gaulle's awards to Soustelle, Salan, and Massu (which may be shrewd maneuvers to tranquilize and disarm them, though I doubt if that will succeed long), I come to the blandest statement of all: "He must bring into existence stable democratic institutions with precious few democrats around." In vain do I look for any recognition that the general has any causal relationship to this mysterious shortage of democrats. Or, for that matter, any hint that in this world of *Realpolitik*, a man like Mendès-France, who refused to go along with the dubious legality of the general's accession, might have history on his side.

MARGARET REYNOLDS
Chicago

AN INDIAN BEAR

To the Editor: Seyom Brown's article ("Kerala: An Indian Bear Walks the Tightrope") in the August 7 *Reporter* is a valuable report on the many problems the Keralan Communist government faces when trying to work within the democratic framework. However, the article gives the impression, perhaps inadvertently, that the Communists there are sincere and dedicated leaders devoted to their cause. Having recently studied there, I maintain that this is not the case.

Chief Minister Namboodiripad has placed most of his family's large landholdings into a trust (with himself and three members of his family executors) in order to evade the new land-reform bill his party is championing. Education Minister Mundacherri succeeded in delaying a bill limiting the size of dowries (another Communist cause) this year until his own son was married and he was paid a very large dowry. Health Minister A. R. Menon left the state for a mountain-resort holiday the day after a hundred people died in a food-poisoning disaster. The same man, when accused of nepotism in his department, baldly stated that he would put three hundred of his relatives in the health ministry if he wanted to. Govindan Nair, the Communist Party secretary, has been explaining a palatial home he is building by saying that the money comes from his wealthy father-in-law.

These are a few antics of the Communist leaders in Kerala. The hungry and exploited poor are losing their faith in their party, just as they lost faith in the other parties before.

MASON OLCOTT, JR.
Brooklyn

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

To the Editor: Thank you for publishing excerpts from Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* (*The Reporter*, July 10, August 7, September 4). They restore one's conception, easily clouded these days, of the novel as not merely literary facility but an expression of the highest form of human thought and compassion.

JULIA DEHL
New York

To the Editor: I do not understand how Babette Deutsch (in "Correspondence," *The Reporter*, August 7) can possibly see a resemblance between Alexander Blok's Christ in *The Twelve* and the Christ in Boris Pasternak's novel. Blok's Christ, as Blok himself was the first to admit, is a nebulous and ambiguous figure, with nothing of the Christ of the Gospels, nothing of historical Christianity in Him. Pasternak's novel is deeply imbued with the true spirit of Christianity, as well as a great sense of history. His Christianity may not be orthodox—it does certainly contain some Tolstoyan elements—but it has nothing to do, I repeat, with Blok's Christ.

This Christian note is manifest in

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the novel itself—in the disquisitions of Yurii Zhivago's uncle who has such an influence on the boy. It is sounded even more clearly in some of the poems attributed to Dr. Zhivago, which form an appendix to the novel: the best of those poems have been directly inspired by the Gospels or by the Russian Orthodox liturgy ("The Garden of Gethsemane," "Mary Magdalene," "In the Passion Week"). They remind me of some of the early Italian religious paintings on the Gospel themes. I may add that I read the novel about a year ago in the original Russian, and I regard it as one of the most remarkable works in Russian literature in the past fifty or sixty years.

GLEB STRUVE
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: While reading the second series of excerpts from *Doctor Zhivago* I came upon an incredibly shallow and subtly cruel argument against which I must protest. My protest should properly be sent to Mr. Pasternak, but since I cannot reach him with ease or certainty, and since you singled out for print the ideas I wish to refute, I think it not unreasonable to send this letter to you. I refer to the paragraph in which he says of the centuries-old persecution of the Jews: "For what purpose are these innocent old men and women and children, all the subtle, kind, humane people, mocked and beaten up throughout the centuries?"

One would expect such a question to be followed by a rebuke and condemnation of those Christians who have been doing the mocking and beating all these years for "what purpose." But no! This does not follow at all; rather the author wants to know why the intellectual leaders of the Jewish people have not "disbanded this army which keeps fighting and being massacred nobody knows what for." Surely it takes either a gross amount of arrogance and disregard for the sensibilities of others or an equal amount of ignorance to say that people do not know what they are fighting for just because you disagree with their beliefs.

If Mr. Pasternak's beliefs are an example of the Russian way of perceiving the world, then events such as the brutal crushing of the rebels in the late Hungarian uprising are easily explained. The Hungarians forced the Russians to slaughter them. If only they had laid down their arms at once, given up their foolish ideas about freedom, realized that the Soviet way of life is the only true way and had then turned themselves into Russians, all the needless killing might have been averted.

I am not a literary critic and since I have not read the entire book I make no attempt to evaluate it as a work of art. But I could not rest until I had raised my voice in protest against the ideas put forth in the aforementioned paragraph.

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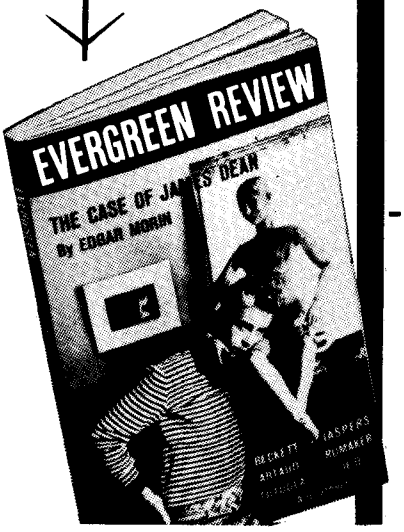

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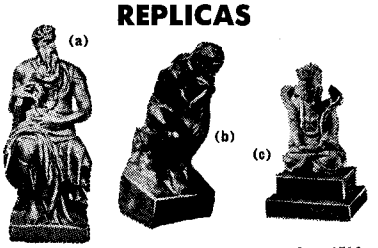

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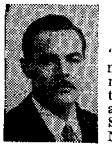

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Max Ascoli's editorial deals with the two most harassing problems of our day: the battle for integration in the South and the threat to peace in the off-shore islands. It has been suggested that the administration's unwillingness to look ahead is responsible for both our domestic and foreign difficulties. The editorial is based on the fear that the cause lies deeper.

THE CONSTITUTION goes into much less detail about the duties of the Executive branch of our government than it does about those of the Legislative and Judicial branches. But on two points it is quite clear: "The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy . . ." and "He shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties . . ." The Founding Fathers thus recognized that effective initiative in our nation's dealings with other nations must come from the one elected official whose constituency encompasses the entire nation. Practical experience, ever since Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase negotiations, has only served to expand the principle of Presidential initiative in foreign affairs. But what happens when the President fails to use the power that has been given him or uses it intermittently and halfheartedly?

History also shows us that Congress invariably assumes the powers that the President has failed to exercise—sometimes with dire results. Fortunately, responsible leaders of Congress have recently been working to save the administration from at least some of the results of its own inertia. **Senator John F. Kennedy** of Massachusetts outlines steps that must be taken to provide a temporary substitute for Executive leadership in foreign affairs.

The country has also been fortunate in the appointment of C. Douglas Dillon as Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. If there were more men like Mr. Dillon in the administration, Senator Kennedy would have less cause for pessimism. **E. W. Kenworthy** is on the Washington staff of the New York *Times*.

DURING the summer, CBS commentator **Eric Sevareid** managed to get away from Washington and do some reporting, some sightseeing, and some fishing in Europe. . . . . It might be argued that wars are not started by rational human beings, but even a madman should realize that nuclear aggression has become a form of push-button self-destruction. The prospects are analyzed with typical French clarity by **Brigadier General Pierre M. Gallois,** who has recently retired from the French air force, which had assigned him to the policy and planning division of NATO.

The American obsession with youth is perhaps only matched by a tendency to sentimentalize death. Staff writer **Paul Jacobs** reports on a cozy bone yard in California that somehow manages to serve both of these unusual consumer demands . . . **Gladys Delmas** is an American writer who now lives in Buenos Aires . . . **J. H. Huizinga** is international correspondent for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* . . . **Madeline Dane Ross** is a free-lance journalist who found and interviewed Confederate descendants in Brazil during a recent tour of South America; her co-author, **Fred Kerner,** is a New York editor.

WE ARE GLAD to learn that of all the talented members of the famous Sitwell family, the father, in his own way, was by no means the least amusing. **Sir Osbert Sitwell** is the author of innumerable books . . . **Roland Gelatt** is executive editor of *High Fidelity* . . . Complacency about the methods of the past is the besetting sin of all professions, and so it is certainly a healthy sign that some of the most outspoken criticism of the American press comes from working journalists; **Bill Hobby** is on the staff of the Houston *Post* . . . **Edward G. Posniak** is a consulting economist in Washington. . . . **Robert Phelps's** first novel, *Heroes and Orators*, will be published this month by McDowell, Obolensky.

Our cover is by **Charles MacMaster.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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100 Lire. ***Worth about 16 cents.*** The lira is over 2000 years old. Nowadays in Rome, about 100 of them buy a dish of Tagliatelle alla Marinara (extra thin "spaghetti" with seafood sauce) at a Trattoria. *Fabuloso!*

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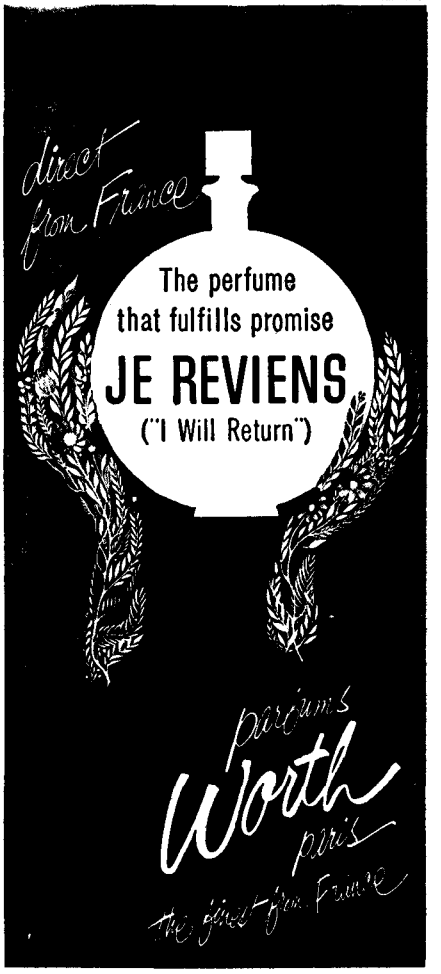

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Central High and Quemoy

AND HERE WE GO AGAIN: the vacation from Orval Faubus is over. The beginning of the school year brings a heavier burden on the nation's grown-ups than on its children. In the months ahead, our children might learn something from memorizing theorems or even from practicing life adjustment. But the grown-ups feel like repeaters who know the tests and trials that lie ahead of them, and are very much afraid they may flunk once more. Of course there are people, and not only in the South, who do not want desegregation to succeed, and many more all over the country whose concern is aroused only by exceptional events like the dispatching of paratroopers to Little Rock. Yet is there a single American whose conscience is not, in varying degree, torn by this shame of our country?

Ultimately no one is exempt from taking a stand, regardless of where he happens to live. The choice increasingly becomes one between yes and no, with less and less room for reservations and qualifications. Already such words as "moderate" and "gradualist" have acquired an unsavory connotation, particularly among Northern liberals. Yet no Northerner should ever forget the price a Southerner has to pay for liberalism, or even for moderation. Firm, deliberate intervention of the Federal government cannot alone reduce racial tension in the South or prevent the cyclical outburst of white supremacy. U.S. marshals and U.S. soldiers can scarcely be instruments of charity; and if the Southern situation is to improve, it is a great measure of charity that is demanded of those Northerners who can easily afford militant devotion to the cause of racial equality. Charity does not mean accepting or condoning things as they are. Rather, it is a way to work on them.

It is not difficult for Northern liberals to deplore the inconsistencies of a number of Southern senators. Among these senators are men most concerned with the low level of national education and most anxious to have it improved by Federal assistance. Yet it happens only too frequently that these men stand by their school boards, or even by their governors, when Federal authorities insist that a few Negro children be admitted to a white school. Few members of the Senate keep so untiring a watch over the prestige of the United States in the world as Fulbright of Arkansas. During the closing days of the last session of Congress, twice Fulbright spoke with such truthfulness, with such restrained passion about the political and spiritual ills of our nation that it was as if the Senate had found in him its conscience. A few days later, Fulbright appeared before the Supreme Court to plead for a delay in integration at Central High.

We have no reason and no right to question Fulbright's integrity. Probably it took more courage to side with the Little Rock school board than it did to address the Senate. But it must be added that it is a great pity and perhaps a tragedy. Men like Fulbright have accepted the prevailing values of their region and do not believe that these values can radically be improved upon, at least for a long time. If they succeed in beating back the attacks of ambitious demagogues and gain reelection by their sparse constituencies, they accumulate seniority and reach committee chairmanships. Yet no matter how high their national influence or how great their administrative ability, they can scarcely hope to go beyond the Senate, and even in the Senate their role is precarious. To the nation they can lend their conscience and their brains—but only lend, and with heavy limitations and qualifications, for conditions in their home states inevitably debase their influence.

Leviathan and the Lilliputians

It would be much easier to judge racial tension in the South if we could hold the fanaticism of a few demagogues solely responsible for it. Unfortunately the causes are considerably more complex. In our country the formidable, ever-growing, centralized structure of the Federal government coexists with an infinite fragmentation of authority at the local level—at what politicians call the grass roots. The school districts on which the education of our children so largely depends are ensconced at the grass roots, and so are the political machines that select the leaders for all levels of government. A Federal leviathan of ever-increasing power has managed to grow without dislodging a strongly en-

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trenched horde of Lilliputians. In fact, the two—leviathan and Lilliputians—thrive on each other.

The elected leaders of our Federal government are chosen by a party system whose structure is so loose that it cannot even be called confederal. Our system of education can be the object of some measure of control and co-ordination only, if at all, at the state level. The Supreme Court decisions on desegregation ran afoul of both the school and the party system. The injustice that the Supreme Court sought to correct had been for too long shockingly self-evident in the South—though by no means only there. But the Lilliputian powers that have so far prevented the enforcement of the Supreme Court rulings in the Deep South are equally opposed to any kind of innovation—and this applies to all sections of the nation.

Moreover, of the three theoretically coequal branches of the Federal government, the judiciary is actually the weakest. Apart from their constitutional and moral rightness, the Supreme Court decisions on desegregation were, if anything, overdue. A desegregated U.S. army cannot exist side by side with segregated schools. But, as has been known ever since John Marshall, Supreme Court decisions are not self-enforcing—particularly if there is resistance on the part of local government and lack of support from the Federal Executive.

There is no need to tell once again the by now too-long and too-familiar story of inaction and fitful action on the part of the Executive. It is far more important to realize what an enormous, sustained effort will be needed from now on, for years to come, to improve the cultural and economic conditions of the South, to bring support to men of good will, and to see that the trouble-makers are isolated—by public contempt if possible, by prison bars if necessary. This sometimes exasperatingly slow but unremitting work, aimed at ultimate compliance with the Supreme Court decisions, can by no means be considered the monopoly of the Executive. The churches, the great national foundations, the organizations of both business and labor—maybe even the Democratic Party—have a role to play.

The whole nation is saddled with this job, and no sensible man would ever dream of bringing the school districts under Federal control or of reshaping in a centralized monolithic pattern the structure of our political parties. There is no inherent virtue in bigness just as there is no inherent virtue in riotously independent units of self-government. Our Federal government has not acquired particular wisdom or decisiveness by growing to leviathan proportions.

Deputizing Everything

There have been too many instances lately of how poorly run is the business of the Federal government in the field of diplomatic-strategic affairs, where its authority is most thoroughly centralized and unchallenged. There seems to be a pattern in the conduct of this administration's diplomacy: it takes appalling risks by constantly tempting the enemy to attack us, and it invariably delegates to foreign potentates the final decision to start troubles, or arrange a patched-up peace. This latter function is regularly assigned to Dag Hammarskjöld, who at least twice—in the liquidation of the Suez and the Lebanese crises—was given the authority to act as if he were our Secretary of State. Unfortunately, Hammarskjöld comes in only when we are in a mess, and he can do little or nothing to prevent our getting into one. At present, our diplomats and our strategists are waiting for what Mao will do.

For years our China policy has been determined by domestic party politics, and it would be unfair to attribute sole responsibility to the present administration. Both political parties feel duty bound to register in their platforms their undying opposition to recognizing Red China—ever. And let us not mention, of course, its admission to the U.N.

At the time of the Korean War, a Democratic administration decided it had to adopt the Republican program toward China in order to save its program of cooperation with Europe within the Atlantic Alliance. When China intervened in Korea, a Democratic administration agreed to consider the Chinese soldiers as "volunteers," for our country could fight these soldiers but not make peace with their country. In fact, that war could be fought only to a limited extent: among other reasons why we refrained from attacking China was the fear that if we did so other nations might assume a peace-making role, thus exposing us to the danger of recognizing China.

The other and real China is, of course, under Chiang Kai-shek. In the last few years, real China was moved from Formosa to Quemoy and Matsu. In 1955, a pistol was put in Mao's hand and it was left up to him whether, or when, to pull the trigger. There is now abundant evidence that his finger is itching.

At such a juncture one could have expected every thinking American to ask why—why are we left at the mercy of this enemy, or of sheer chance. But not much has been heard from the leaders of either party, and the fourth estate, with only a few exceptions, has been quite relaxed. In the most influential of all our newspapers, the New York *Times*, strong editorials condemning our policy toward China could be read, but these editorials were from a Canadian paper which inserted them as paid advertisements.

THERE is not much use indulging in Dulles-baiting or bemoaning Presidential indecisiveness. The cause of our difficulties lies deeper. Is it, as Senator Fulbright has suggested, in the American people, or is it in our institutions? When we consider the Federal leviathan with its three coequal branches, and all the other centers of government, and the fourth estate, and the Lilliputian hordes, the structure of our institutions seems truly formidable. Perhaps this structure has only two weak spots: at its feet and at its head.

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When the Executive Fails to Lead

SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY

Both the Constitution and practical experience demonstrate that initiative in foreign affairs must come from the Executive branch. When the Executive fails to lead, it leaves a vacuum that the Legislative branch is ill equipped to fill. Congress can offer suggestions, support, and money, but it can usually provide only spasmodic and fragmentary leadership in foreign affairs.

The tragic results of chronic Executive weakness and indecision were illustrated last summer by the fate of two amendments to the foreign-aid authorization bill. Though the amendments dealt only with limited segments of our over-all policies, they each raised the fundamental question of whether our democratic system has the strength and the flexibility to meet the challenge of this age—whether we can anticipate the rapid changes taking place throughout the world and make the difficult, sometimes unpopular decisions necessary for survival.

The first of these amendments would have modified the Battle Act so as to give the President greater flexibility in granting economic assistance to those satellite countries which seem able to move gradually away from Soviet control. The other set forth our stake in the success of India's Second Five-Year Plan for economic development, and encouraged the administration to develop a realistic program of support in co-operation with other nations.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee adopted both these amendments when I offered them in executive session. Neither was partisan in its origin or intent—the first having been drafted with the wholehearted support and co-operation of the State Department, the second having been co-sponsored by Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, the former ambassador to India. Both amendments attempted a fresh approach to two of the world's most critical areas—the uncommitted nations of Asia and eastern Europe. Both laid the legislative groundwork for adapting our policies to the changing pattern of events in those two areas. But both were wholly or partially abandoned by the Executive branch they were designed to help, and both were eventually deleted from the bill. The Battle Act modification was defeated by one vote in the Senate; the Indian proposal was lost in House-Senate conference. In one case the administration showed cowardice in desertion; in the other, at best, inertia.

It could not fairly be claimed that the present administration is unaware of the crucial stakes involved in either India or eastern Europe today. But its sluggishness in matching its bold words with brave deeds echoes the exhortation of King Lear: "I will do such things—what they are yet, I know not; but they shall be the terrors of the earth!"

As a nation we have shown a considerable capacity to deter Communist *military* strength. Yet we have only begun to develop policies that constructively meet its challenge as an economic system and ideological attraction. We have failed, too, to anticipate major and convulsive crises and to develop courses of action to meet protracted competition with the Soviet Union, on the political and economic level, before a crisis closes in.

It has become a fashionable cliché—especially in the State Department—to suggest that Congress constitutes the major block against the development of an imaginative foreign policy. But the events of the last session of Congress suggest rather that it is the intractable and unresolved differences within the Executive branch—and *its* failure of nerve—that inhibit decisive action.

It was clear during the Senate debate on these two amendments that there are senators in both parties willing to respond to an energetic call for a fresh initiative at this crucial moment in our history. But these hopes were undermined by the administration's decision to come to a "bipartisan" understanding with Senators Knowland, Bridges, and Dirksen. The President thus invited further harassment from his foes on the Republican side of Congress—who promptly began open warfare on extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act and on the foreign-aid appropriation.

Congress Must Pinch-Hit

There has been a great deal of talk—I have done some of it myself—about the dangerous gap between our military technology and that of the Russians. But there is an equally dangerous gap between our strategic and diplomatic policies and the realities to which they must be applied. This political gap, which seems destined to remain at least two more years, could be far more ominous for the United States and its allies than the technological lag in the development of intercontinental missiles.

No ideological crash program can alter the fact that this administration has two more years to run, that Mr. Dulles will probably remain our leader in foreign affairs,

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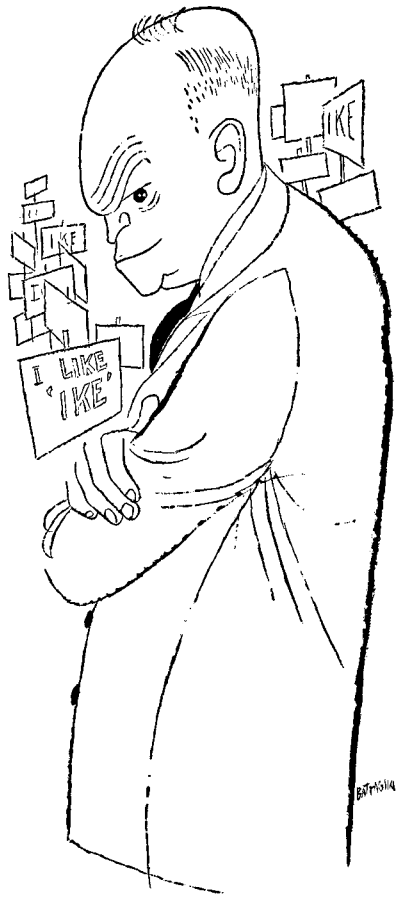
and that the style of Presidential leadership will not change substantially.

It is also likely, of course, that the next Congress will be more heavily Democratic and more impatient to bring our policies into line with the new realities of the Soviet potential and western erosion. Although Congress cannot fully take over the trusteeship of foreign policy, in several vital areas it can lay before the country—and the Executive—some alternative lines of policy and viewpoint. At any rate, responsible members of Congress have no choice but to do everything humanly and constitutionally possible to fill the vacuum created by Executive weakness and indecision.

THE SENATE has just authorized a special foreign-policy study during the next eighteen months, which will seek to utilize brains and institutions outside the government. We cannot afford to ignore these valuable sources of knowledge and ideas; and yet again and again during the past five years we have seen how the best efforts of responsible experts—such as the Lincoln Study, the Rockefeller Reports, the Gaither Report, and the reports sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations—have been buried in Washington. Few will deny their validity, dispute their conclusions—or face up to their warnings. Instead we are told that their message is too chilling for public exposure, that they are simply academic musings, that they "sell America short," or that Congress "won't buy them."

On this last point, I am far from convinced. The Senate and especially the Foreign Relations Committee have been willing to move ahead by creating the Development Loan Fund and passing the Indian resolution, and they have shown a willingness to bring the Battle Act up to date. The Senate Preparedness subcommittee has persistently questioned the basic assumptions of our military policies. And in a whole series of speeches, Senators Fulbright, Mansfield, Humphrey, and others have tried—with specific recommendations—to break through the overcast of illusion and complacency in both political and economic policy.



In what directions, then, should Congress, lacking effective Executive guidance, try to shape foreign policy during the next two years? There are certain segments of policy in which, it seems to me, Congress can make a substantial contribution and perhaps even force the Executive branch to offer at least a show of leadership.

Making War Unrewarding

I recently spoke on the Senate floor about the segment which has to do with closing the military "gap." The most pressing technological problem, of course, is the missile lag between the United States and the Soviet Union, which seems certain to continue to grow during the next five years. But we must not overlook the other instruments of our military power, including our capacity to wage limited war and to airlift troops to trouble spots immediately. Both our ability to maintain a balanced ratio of nuclear deterrence and our ability to defy the nonnuclear threat of the Soviet Union and China, especially in the years of 1960-1964, must be vigilantly analyzed and corrected in the next two years—not at some future date when the Soviet Union will have consolidated all the military advantages.

All this is not simply a matter of hardware. The failure to reshape our military power now, whatever the cost and sacrifice, would have disastrous effects on foreign policy. It would impose upon the United States a policy of *recoil,* the very goal of Soviet strategy. It would leave us with the hollow shell of a second-best system of nuclear deterrence shorn of alliances and overseas bases. We would soon be forced to abandon most of Europe, Asia, and Africa to forces that the Soviet Union and China can easily exploit.

The danger of moving into a secondary defensive position is evident enough, and yet we have refused to take real account of it. What would be the fate of Japan, distant from both the United States and Europe, if it had to confront not only a hostile China and Soviet Union but also a Communist or otherwise hostile south Asia? Could Europe survive and be defended if it were cut off from all constructive associations with Asia, the Middle East, and Africa? Are we willing to pay the price that would be levied on our society if we had to become a defensive garrison state living under siege conditions?

Obviously it is our first responsibility to render any kind of war, major or minor, unrewarding to Soviet leadership. This goal requires the maintenance and protection of our nuclear retaliatory capacities. It also makes it essential that we build up and maintain forces capable of conducting limited war. It is finally a matter of demonstrating our determination to defy any threats of blackmail such as those which were applied in the Suez crisis and whose success obviously impressed the Soviet leaders.

The Economic Challenge

But even such an effort—if we are capable of it—does little to guarantee our safety and our influence abroad if we do not recognize the role we must play in the economic revolution that is sweeping through Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. In all these regions we must do everything we can to in-

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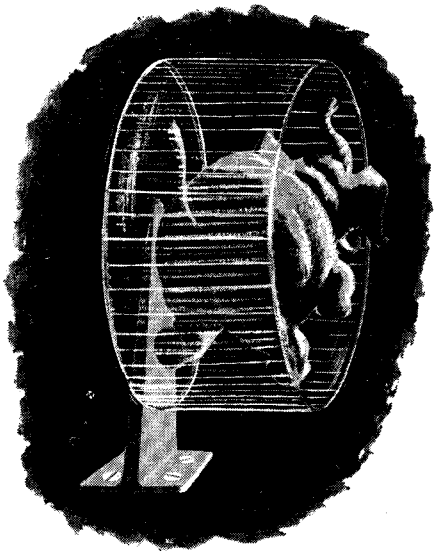
crease the likelihood that nationalist ambitions will be directed predominantly toward the work of domestic modernization—because this in turn will increase the possibilities of



establishing a constructive association between the industrialized and the underdeveloped areas of the world. Such a policy does not require that we endorse every claim of local or regional nationalism. And we must certainly understand that no policy can fully contain and channel the powerful nationalist forces that are at work throughout the world today. No single policy could provide the final solution to a crisis as bitter, complex, and deep-rooted as that in the Middle East.

BUT IF WE cannot solve these overwhelming problems at one blow, neither can we default when opportunities clearly exist. There are two essential requirements in any action that we may take. *First,* ample long-term resources must be made available as an incentive for local politicians to embark on constructive economic courses that give promise of self-sustained economic growth. *Second,* we must bring into effective and responsible partnership our allies in western Europe and Japan, both as to military policy and as to policy toward the underdeveloped areas.

There have been encouraging signs that we might be able to align ourselves both hopefully and creatively with nationalism in India. In the Middle East, on the other hand, we have come to the end of the line with a policy that never promised success, since it rested on a misreading both of events in the Middle East and of Soviet policy in the area. Our government has been satisfied to brand Nasser as a Soviet agent, yet has helped him become the patron of Arab nationalism by failing to support such Arab leaders as President Bourguiba in Tunisia. Only last July, Secretary Dulles was still dismissing criticism of the Lebanon interventions as fretful and irritating while he extolled the strength and resilience of the Baghdad Pact. Then in August the President—superficially at least—buried these delusions. In the President's words there was little trace of the thesis Mr. Dulles had just expounded about "indirect aggression," about the vital force of the Baghdad Pact, and about dealing with nationalist forces by relying only on military assistance and treaties.

If we have finally been forced to recognize the realities of the situation in the Middle East, it is now imperative that we reinforce this new awareness by a resolute support of the Development Loan Fund, which is the most effective instrument we have at the moment for attuning our policies directly to these new imperatives. Through it we can best provide a point of central responsibility in the American government from which agreements meshing our own efforts with those of others can be negotiated and firm criteria for the granting of loans and technical assistance established.

The $400 million voted by Congress for the Development Loan Fund in the final hours of the Eighty-fifth Congress was wholly inadequate. However, in the conference report on the Mutual Aid appropriations, there is an invitation to the administration to come back to Congress in January with a request for new funds in the light of needs at that time. With luck, therefore, a defeat may turn out to be a blessing, since it was already obvious this summer that even the President's original request of $625 million left a big gap between requirements and available resources, especially in the light of the President's Middle East proposals and the new negotiations for assistance to India. I hope that in January the administration will give Congress a realistic presentation of the Loan Fund's needs. There is also some ground for satisfaction in the possibility that for once there may be an opportunity to debate economic foreign aid on its own merits without the shadow which military assistance usually casts when foreign aid is under consideration.

If we make the Development Loan Fund the dominant instrument of our long-range foreign policy—as the Senate clearly intended in 1957 and as was implied this year in the elevation of C. Douglas Dillon's position in the State Department—then we can make it clear to others that the United States will not be moved to assist other nations simply as a result of the short-term trend or some minor American loss in the cold war.

The American taxpayer has a right to feel confident that the resources he surrenders for foreign aid are used for constructive purposes, not to fend off a series of short-term political pressures. There have been and will be situations of crisis in which American funds will have to be used for emergency rescues. But the clear and well-understood grounds for the granting of American *loans* should be the ability and will of other nations to use them productively.

Reapplication and the Long Pull

During these next months the administration—and Congress, through its recently authorized foreign-policy study—must also seek to place our military assistance in its proper perspective. Senators Fulbright and Mansfield have been perceptive critics of the misuse of military assistance and the false premises on which much of it has been based. Although I realize that we cannot suspend military assistance in a number of crucial areas, there must be a gradual reduction and reapplication of such aid. Also, in several places where military assistance is necessary over the long pull, it might serve a second purpose—the training of local engineers and technicians and the construction of bridges, dams, roads, and other projects that can have civilian as well as military uses.

A properly designed and administered foreign-aid program is the main instrument available for relating United States policy constructive-

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ly to the nationalist revolution that is sweeping through large parts of the world. But it is even more than that. It is the center around which we can rebuild a meaningful alliance with western Europe and Japan, and it is the essential component for the construction of a truly supranational economy among our allies.

During the next five years, the United States must press vigorously for a restoration of a workable international economy. I am convinced that it now lies within our grasp—for the first time since 1914—to build the framework of an international economy within which currencies would again be freely exchangeable, private capital would move with increased freedom and security, tariff barriers would be progressively lowered, and exchange controls could be safely permitted to wither away. The

ambitious designs of Cordell Hull and the men at Bretton Woods may have been premature but they were not dreams. Now we have the conditions that did not exist for their fulfillment—if we have the wit, the energy, and the will to exploit them.

HERE lies the answer to those who argue that the Soviet Union can wage the economic war better because of the control it holds over public opinion and natural resources and the inevitable attractions it offers to countries trying suddenly to break through the crust of economic stagnation. Furthermore, it is only by accepting the economic challenge on these high terms that we can hope to solve even our short-term local problems. No tinkering with old tools can substitute for such a massive effort.

Meeting India's foreign-exchange needs for its second Five-Year Plan provides one test of our willingness to meet the great challenge and opportunity before us. India has many creditors and several potential supporters, of which the United States is only the most important. On August 25 the World Bank convened in Washington a conference of economic officials from the United States, Great Britain, Canada, West Germany, and Japan. This meeting, which considered the establishment of a consortium to channel assistance to India, suffered from the handicaps that are inevitable for a conference of civil servants rather than of political leaders; but it could inspire a broader effort to mobilize western resources in support of the legitimate goals of the Indian plan. As a result of this meeting and the Senate resolution, there have been encouraging signs in India itself of a new appraisal of the means and methods, both public and private, by which the plan might succeed. There is also the possibility that European Recovery Program repayments now falling due to the United States could be rerouted to a consortium such as is contemplated for India.

This can be a beginning, but we must constantly move ahead if we are not to bog down again in mere rear-guard actions and efforts to "hold the line." The creation of a workable international economy depends on progressive efforts to achieve four interrelated conditions: a regular and reliable flow of long-term international credit; a larger centralized reserve of short- and medium-term international capital for financial and trade purposes; lower tariffs, both in the United States and in the European trade area; and, finally, convertible currencies.

There is obviously no single way by which the United States and its allies can suddenly create such a new economic environment. What is needed is not another temporary cure like the Marshall Plan but a sustained effort. Nor can the United States alone create all the conditions unless West Germany, Great Britain, Canada, and Japan also enlarge their horizons and make proportionate sacrifices.

The next Congress can take several steps that would seem to proceed logically from the reasonably successful extension of reciprocal trade this year. The most apparent is to support the enlargement of the reserves of the International Monetary Fund and the lending limits of the World Bank. This would do a great deal toward increasing the convertibility of foreign currency into dollars and also lead to greater contributions by West Germany and other European nations for foreign economic-aid programs. Most important, it would provide insulation for foreign economies against the heavy impact of even small ripples in the American economy and of sudden foreign-exchange crises such as Great Britain has experienced periodically and France has suffered during this past year.

Not only the United States but also its major allies have more and more been acting by force of habit rather than out of a clear awareness of the changing realities of a world in which there will soon be several nuclear powers, in which the Soviet Union possesses growing economic strength, and in which colonialism and simple reliance on military force are both outmoded.

SUCH POLICIES as those I have sketched would ordinarily be set in motion by a clear call from the President. In the absence of this call, the men and women elected to Congress must represent increasingly not only the interests of their constituencies but also the needs of the nation as a whole. True, Congress is already overburdened with its own constitutional responsibilities. But it is clear that there has to be some substitute for sustained Executive leadership in foreign affairs. Two more years of aimless drifting are a luxury the country cannot afford.

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The Profits and Losses Of a Banker in Politics

E. W. KENWORTHY

"When Doug Dillon comes up here," a senior Democratic member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee remarked the other day, "he says something—and he says what he thinks. He is not just repeating what he's been told to say, like most of Dulles's boys. He understands international finance. He has capacity and imagination. He doesn't meet every idea up here with 'No, that won't work.' He's the most hopeful man in the administration."

During the last weeks of the Eighty-fifth Congress a succession of prominent Democratic senators rose to denounce the way President Eisenhower and his Secretary of State have been conducting foreign policy. But there was certainly no criticism of C. Douglas Dillon, the somewhat shy, soft-talking, hard-working Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs.

The fact is that Congress is high on Dillon. The fact also is that Dillon stands equally high with Secretary Dulles. It is generally conceded in Washington that when Dulles summoned Dillon from the Paris embassy in January, 1957, and made him the department's top economic officer, he did a notable service for himself, the administration, and the nation's foreign policy.

At that time the foreign-aid program was in deep trouble, and Dulles knew it. The trouble stemmed not so much from the hardening resistance of the program's foes as from the growing disenchantment of its friends. So great was their concern that in the last days of the Eighty-fourth Congress, a small band of Democratic senators on the Foreign Relations Committee pushed through a bill calling for a $300,000 study of the program.

Mutual Insecurity

The reasons for the disenchantment were plain enough. To begin with, the administration, trying to mollify the old Taft forces, had placed foreign economic policy largely in the hands of Herbert Hoover, Jr., as Under Secretary of State and John B. Hollister as head of the International Cooperation Administration. While both men spoke the pieces that were written for them, they did so with an all too apparent lack of enthusiasm. The Democratic leadership was tired of trying to carry the ball for the administration's program with this kind of halfhearted support.

Second, a number of influential senators were convinced that Secretary Dulles was weakening the impact of the nation's foreign economic program by his insistence that the State Department should make "policy" but not get involved in "operations." These senators carried their views into the report of the Special Committee to Study the Foreign Aid Program. The report said:

"In the first place, the position of the Secretary of State is ambiguous. The extent to which he is responsible for the policy and operations of nonmilitary aid is not clear. While in theory the Secretary of State has responsibility for both the policy and operations of the International Cooperation Administration, both have been delegated to the Director of that semi-autonomous agency within the Department of State."

Not only, the Senate committee said, should the State Department be responsible for co-ordinating all mutual security programs but these programs should be co-ordinated with the lending activities of the Export-Import Bank, the disposal of surplus agricultural products abroad by the Department of Agriculture, and the operations of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund.

Finally, some senators were appalled at the manner in which the State Department had tended to dismiss the Soviet aid-and-trade offensive, which was then just beginning to roll, as a poor and inconsequential imitation of United States programs. Citing studies made at M.I.T. and the University of Chicago, these senators strongly urged the creation of a development fund to make long-term, low-interest loans to underdeveloped nations.

All this was probably inevitable, considering the predilection of Dulles and the prevailing temper of an administration whose economic thinking had been largely dominated by Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey. While Dulles recognized the importance of the United States aid-and-trade programs, economics tended to bore him, and he preferred to leave the exposition and execution of the programs to others. Humphrey's sole objective in foreign aid was to do away with it as soon as possible, and he was no advocate for a liberalized reciprocal-trade program.

Congressional supporters of both programs soon found in Dillon a man who shared many of their ideas. But they did not find in him—and this was later to gain him a respectful ear among the doubters—a "do-gooder." His views on aid and trade were quite simply the product of observation and experience in his father's firm, Dillon, Read & Co., a Wall Street investment banking house with extensive foreign business.

In his travels for the firm before the war, Dillon formed what became a fundamental tenet. "I was convinced," he says, "that economics was basic to foreign policy and had to be brought much more into the making of foreign policy decisions." The national interest should dictate the substance and scope of foreign economic policy, just as it did political policy. By the same token he believed that the State Department should not only formulate the policy but should also be responsible for the ensuing negotiations and supervision of programs.

Soon after taking office, he began to pull together in his own hands all the various strands of foreign economic policy. It was indicative of his method of operating, however, that he waited until Congress had given a firm mandate in the 1957 Mutual Security bill before he took com-

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plete charge of foreign economic-aid operations.

His responsibilities are tremendous. Besides directing the economic aid program, he formulates U.S. policy for negotiations under GATT—the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. He is responsible for international civil-aviation policy, and for administering the Battle Act on East-West trade.

In his twenty-one months in Washington, Dillon has brought to foreign economic policy a freshness of thought and flexibility of operation which was entirely absent during Eisenhower's first term and which has been almost unique during his second.

For example, Dillon soon became aware that the Development Loan Fund, while essential to help the underdeveloped areas in achieving a modest capital growth, did not by any means meet the immediate critical problem of dwindling foreign reserves in many countries—a problem which if not tackled would bring a sharp reduction in their imports. This, in turn, would not only impair their domestic economies and slow their development programs but would also bring about a decline in world trade that could have an adverse affect on United States exports.

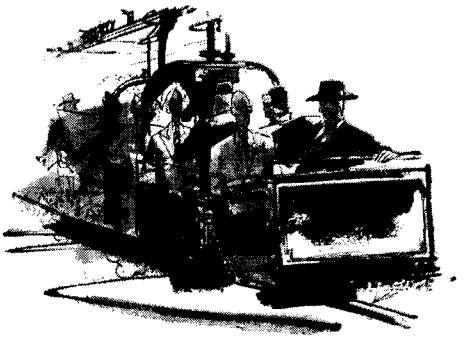
With the co-operation of the Export-Import Bank and the International Monetary Fund, Dillon has arranged this year a number of intricate loan packages to ease the balance-of-payments difficulties of France, Turkey, Brazil, India, Japan, and Chile.

His most signal contribution to economic policy, however, was the recent instruction of President Eisenhower to Secretary of the Treasury Anderson to support an increase in the member contributions to the capital funds of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Dillon first broached this idea in a speech in New York last May—a trial balloon launched without prior clearance from Secretary Dulles. It has been reported that Dillon has in mind a fifty per cent increase in the quotas of the Bank and the Fund, which would mean a comparable increase in borrowing rights.

Beyond this, Dillon has succeeded in reversing the policy against U.S. participation in regional development funds in Latin America and the Middle East. And he is one of the moving forces behind the recent meeting of India's creditors at the World Bank, which was devoted to finding ways of raising an additional billion dollars in loans before the end of India's second Five-Year Plan in 1961. Last year he reasoned away congressional opposition to a Polish loan so effectively that hardly a murmur was raised against a second credit last February.

Friends and Freedom

Several things have made these achievements possible. In the first place, Secretary Dulles has entrusted to Dillon a measure of confidence and freedom of action not granted to any other of his subordinates. Dillon's aides report that often he needs merely to sketch the barest



outlines of an idea to Dulles in order to get the Secretary's go-ahead.

Second, Dillon has had the advantage of working with Secretary Anderson, who shares many of his ideas. Even with Dulles's support, Dillon could hardly have revised foreign economic policy so radically if he had had to work with the old "4-H club"—Humphrey at Treasury, Hoover at State, Hughes at Budget, and Hollister at ICA. Dillon and Anderson have worked in harness, even though Anderson as a Treasury man is inevitably somewhat more conservative.

Third, because of his thorough grounding in finance, Dillon has been able to win the respect and co-operation of the heads of the national and international lending agencies —Samuel C. Waugh, president of the Export-Import Bank, and Per Jacobsson, managing director of the International Monetary Fund. He is particularly close to Eugene Black, president of the World Bank.

Finally, there is his ability to deal with Congress. Nowhere has this been so well demonstrated as in his handling this year of the bill to extend and liberalize the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Nominally, this was the responsibility of Secretary of Commerce Weeks. But actually, most of the strategy and day-to-day dealings with Congress were left to Dillon. Against the heaviest and best-organized opposition ever mustered by the protectionists, the President got the new tariff-cutting powers he asked for and a four-year extension—a year short of the administration request but a year longer than Congress had ever granted before.

Cards on the Table

With a modesty entirely characteristic and uncalculated, Dillon assigns the credit to the "expert leadership" of Chairman Wilbur D. Mills (D., Arkansas) of the Ways and Means Committee, Speaker Sam Rayburn, and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. Rayburn himself bestows much of the credit on Dillon. And it is generally agreed that the bill's passage was greatly eased by the small, friendly luncheons Dillon had at the department, where the doubts and hesitancies of many a member were talked away.

But he is not an "operator" in the usual Washington sense, and to anyone watching him for a day or two in Congressional hearings, there is nothing very mystifying about his success on the Hill. Since the best policy is worthless unless Congress approves it, Dillon's methods bear scrutinization—and some emulation.

To begin with, he does not try to hornswoggle a committee. Nor does he raise alarms to get support for appropriations. Take, for example, the question of the Soviet economic offensive so belatedly discovered by the State Department this year. Dulles and other high officials have been crying havoc indiscriminately, suggesting that every kopeck of aid threatens United States security. Asked about this, Dillon said:

"I think in the case of a country which receives economic aid from the Soviets such as India, where the country is anti-Communist, where

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they have a program of their own, that that may not necessarily work against our interests. It helps the Indians go ahead with their plan.

"On the other hand, where the Soviet Union moves in and takes over a whole economy such as their aid program would do in Syria, I would think that it could only lead toward at least the economic vassalage of that country to the Soviet Union, and that would not be in our interests. So I think you have to differentiate between countries and not generalize as to the aid program as a whole."

And quite apart from the East-West contest, Dillon has emphasized, it is in the American interest to aid underdeveloped nations. "Every time a country or an area is moved forward into industrialization, the standard of living has gone up and consumption has increased, and it has provided substantial outlets for American exports."

THERE IS, second, Dillon's unquestioned mastery of his subject—not only the broad principles but the minutest details. He came to his job, his aides say, determined to concentrate on policy. But he is constitutionally unable to let the details go—to the despair and frequent mortification of his staff. Recently when a bulky document on the Soviet economic offensive was ready for the press, he called for verification of a figure for Yemen—it seemed too low to him. He was right; the latest piece of Soviet aid to Yemen, effective only a few days earlier, had not been added in.

This passion for detail impresses congressmen and pays off. Let Cecil R. King of California raise a point about the tuna industry or Antoni N. Sadlak of Connecticut cite a factory in New England that closed down because it could not meet Japanese competition on velveteen, and they will find Dillon informed about both. A congressman likes to have an official understand the difficulties he faces at home even if the official cannot agree on the remedies.

This brings up a third quality in Dillon's dealings with Congress—his attention. "The thing about Dillon," a senator said recently, "is that he really listens when someone tries to make a point or offer an idea."

A case in point was his treatment of Senator Mike Monroney's plan for a second World Bank to make long-term, low-interest loans repayable in local currency. The senator somehow figured that a revolving fund could be established out of the loan repayments in soft currencies. Some State and Treasury officials derided the whole scheme on this account, pointing out that soft currencies could not be used for development purposes because the needed capital equipment could be purchased only in hard-currency countries.

Through two days of testimony, Dillon patiently explained this point to the senator. But he went on to say that there was a limited use for soft currencies to pay for local labor and locally produced materials. He thought the Monroney plan might prove a limited but "very valuable supplement" to the Development Loan Fund. The upshot was that Dillon and the senator got together on the wording of a resolution calling for a cabinet-level study of a World Bank subsidiary.

Per Aspera . . .

Dillon has not escaped all criticism. Last spring, when the administration took its foreign-aid authorization bill to the Hill, some legislators grumbled about the slow start made in dispensing the $300 million voted for the first year of the Development Loan Fund.

There are two things to be said about this. First, Dillon did not assume the job of foreign-aid coordinator until the beginning of the year. Second, he has insisted that all projects submitted for the Development Loan Fund be fine-toothcombed to meet the requirements laid down by Congress. In any event, the fund has now completed formal agreements or processed loan applications to the point where the initial $300 million may be considered as obligated.

Dillon has also had to take some losses. With the blessing of the President and Secretary Dulles, he worked with Senator John F. Kennedy on an amendment of the Battle Act to permit the administration to make discretionary use of foreign aid as a cold-war weapon in the Soviet Union's European satellites. But when Senators Knowland and Bridges went to the White House in angry protest, Dillon had the rug pulled from under him.

Another defeat was the minimum interest rate set on loans from the Development Loan Fund. Dillon would have liked a floor which would have put these credits in competition with the best the Russians offer—two to two and a half per cent. However, Secretary Anderson wanted a figure nearer to what the Treasury has to pay for money. In the end the National Advisory Council on Fiscal and Monetary Policy settled on 3.5 per cent.

Again, the final figure for the Mutual Security Program was $652 million below the President's request—a cut, however, somewhat below those of recent years. Next to military assistance, hardest hit was the Development Loan Fund, which was granted only $400 million even though Congress last year had authorized $625 million for the second year.

It was perhaps too much to expect Dillon to prevail against Otto E. Passman, the obdurate chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee, where the charms of Lyndon Johnson were unavailing. Yet in the conference report, Passman made a concession unusual for him—that Congress will view sympathetically a request for a supplemental appropriation in the next session if the administration thinks it necessary. The likelihood is that the administration will ask for and get the remaining $225 million.

. . . ad Astra?

Secretary Dulles seems as durable as his troubles. Nevertheless, the belief is growing in Washington that if he should for any reason decide to step down during the next two years, his nomination for a successor might well be Douglas Dillon.

Moreover, there is also a feeling that if the Democrats capture the White House in 1960, they will employ Dillon's talents for a subcabinet post at least equivalent to his present one—or for a key ambassadorship.

Dillon refuses to speculate on whether he would accept a Democratic appointment. But he does not disguise the fact that he finds public service more exciting and satisfying than investment banking.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

Notes on the Flyleaf Of a Guide Michelin

ERIC SEVAREID

VAL D'AOSTA

NOW I AM NOT so annoyed that I can get to Europe only once in three or four years. I can see the changes; I can see the growing differences between Europe and my country, in spite of the so-called Americanization of Europe. It does not go very deep. Maybe in Germany. But certainly not here in Italy, in spite of the Stanford University-inspired time-and-efficiency techniques in the Milan factories.

How strange the American notion that the rest of the world yearns to emulate the United States! How preposterous the idea that a nation can or should export its "way of life"! All we can do, all we have really done these years, is help them to rediscover and fulfill their own ways of life after the disorientation of fascism and war. (The remark by Sedgwick of the *Times* that day of the Saint-Tropez landing in 1944: "Ah, the Frogs! With all their faults—imagine a totally Anglo-American World. It would be one great big, goddam locker room!")

In America the cities are sterile; in Europe it is the woods and wilds that are sterile. Today, through the innkeeper's binoculars, I saw three chamois crossing the glacier, far up. With a shock, I realized these are the only wild things I had seen in hundreds of miles of country driving, save for a few familiar birds. Walk through the wildest-looking Alpine forest—it is a well-pruned park. There is no bush. In America, wherever the game is gone, that is always the reason—no cover. Clean farming has done more to eliminate wild life, here and at home, than all the shotguns in existence.

I think Europe has abandoned game conservation, except on the private estates. The gamekeeper on his little scooter assures me they released trout in the Dora just above only two days ago. Even in his confided spots, even degrading my new fly rod with their eternal worms—nothing.

VENICE

THERE WAS A cartoon in a French paper: "He drives a bigger car than those of the local inhabitants. He is forever taking snapshots. He thinks everyone around him should speak his language. He complains of the food. He wears loud sports clothing. Who is he—an American in France? No, a Frenchman in Spain!"

Myths die hard. The American tourist has been maligned. For every one who feels impatiently superior, there are five or six patiently learning, studying, often humble. The only loud boor I have seen this summer was the leader of a tourist group marching through the Palace of the Doges. He read from the guidebook in loud mockery, shrieking bad puns. He was a Frenchman.

I say thank God for the instinct that draws my countrymen by the thousands back to the eternities of Europe. Is it transference, or do I detect in them genuine gladness and relief to be among old things, to move slowly, to truly converse and of other things besides the new car and Johnny's tooth troubles? Did they, too, come away from home to discover with surprise and foreboding that all the time they had been feeling more and more alien in their own land, that their spirits were finding less and less nourishment?

What is it that is poisoning the surface of American life and thought? In part, surely, the yammering, inescapable commercialism plus the incessant, disconcerting do-it-now, do-it-differently, examine-your-soul, your parenthood, your neuroses, your aches, pains, teeth, toenails, and sex life. We are in the grip of a vast tyranny, we Americans. What is the worth of the wealth and the power if the simple enjoyment of life is denied?

Our "self-improvement" psychology and tradition of newness makes

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all this possible, but it has now been systematized into a definite anxiety neurosis by the necessities of magazine circulation and advertising. At an intense pitch, because now production has been solved and the dominant characteristic of the economy has become selling. This is going to happen over here in Europe, too, as goods turnover becomes the real engine. The simple fact of our time is that the scientific revolution is ending the production problem in every advanced country. It is also bringing to divorcement the hundred years' marriage of political philosophy and economics. The good life can be provided under the aegis of *any* political system, given the technicians. It is ending socialism. Not a socialist party from Norway on down any longer demands the reconstruction of society, only New Deal welfare measures.

I HAVE BEEN twice to the Biennale, the international art show in the Venice park. For the first time this trip I have felt unhappily, conspicuously American. The American exhibit is a shock. Those congressmen who complain about the Brussels exhibit should see this; I would side with the most philistine among them.

Nothing, but nothing, except the most extreme, vacuous abstractionism. Smears and blobs and dots and simple color panels, and sculpture of the scrap-iron, lead-pipe-and-bolt school. In every other exhibit the Italian guards are expressionless; in ours, they give you a sly grin as you leave. It's a joke. The most deserted exhibit in the park.

Modern painters get by with murder. A writer or musician must convey meaning or at least pleasure. The frauds are quickly discarded. Even among the most ultra European painters, pure abstractionism is becoming old hat. Nothing is deader than an extreme form become passé. Much deader than yesterday's newspaper. Even the absurd institutionalized stuff in the Russian exhibit is infinitely more interesting than this.

SIMPLON-ORIENT EXPRESS

THE STARTLING thought intrudes: life in Europe is not only saner than in America but it is more practically efficient. Not for the poor, I suppose. But for the middle and upper classes (the European poor are slowly but steadily being lifted into the middle class, as at home) and—I'm positive—for the traveler. How easy it is to order, to arrange the endless little complexities of travel here! The mail, train, airline, hotel, money-exchange, and laundry services all work faster, more smoothly, more courteously, and yes, more cleanly.

In a month here I have suffered nothing like the breakdowns, delays, wrong information, and discourtesies

I suffered in one day at the start of this journey, trying to get from Washington to New York and out of Idlewild.

This is big news—at least to me—if Europe is more efficient than America. I think I see two reasons. Our units have passed the point of diminishing returns—not perhaps in terms of profits but in terms of results. They are *too* big. And over here in Europe the "little life" goes on—the millions unashamed to sew, to serve, to cut hair properly, to fuss with the carburetor till they get it right.

Never have I checked into an unmade room. Compared with this train and its service, the best Pennsylvania Railroad experience is a ride on a cattle train. The little skills are not vanishing as they are at home. The fatal illusion that automatic gadgets can take the place of human service has not yet possessed Europe. Now I'm sure of what I suspected—Americans with middle or upper incomes lived better fifty years ago than they do today.

PARIS

I BELIEVE "anti-Americanism" is pretty well confined to the European intellectuals, at least on the Continent. Anti-Americanism is their anti-Semitism. At this rate, I'll be welcoming it—at least it bespeaks interest in America. The truth is, millions of Europeans are becoming indifferent to America. It is nonsense—the Washington idea that Europe lives with one eye constantly on our doings.

Europeans are too busy, too prosperous. *They* are the summer tourists here; we Americans are a trickle. The dollar no longer produces awe. We are no longer the strong, bold, dependable ally—just the largest. Spaak believes in Dulles as a "man of principle," believes he understands most of our foreign policy. I find few others who share his beliefs. And *no one* who thinks of our China and Eastern Europe policies as other than the maddest unreality.

The *Nautilus* exploit under the pole gave even Europeans a thrill. The Lebanon landing momentarily startled them, then became comic opera as the cartoons endlessly demonstrate.

How strangely unreal, the *Herald Tribune* editorials and the *Time* magazine line on the Middle East business and the Ike-Dulles oratory! The picture they paint of a bold, purposeful American foreign policy gives one, in this European climate, a weird sensation. Nor does the shrieking Cassandra line of Alsop make much sense in this atmosphere. Europeans may not believe much in happiness but they do believe in the continuity of life. I doubt that one in ten really thinks Britain will "go bankrupt" (how many great modern societies have ever gone bankrupt?) or that Europe will "collapse" even if every barrel of Middle Eastern oil were lost. Lippmann makes far more

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sense to Europeans if not to Dean Acheson.

If the dollar is a weak instrument, propaganda, from either side, is a broken instrument. The cold war has produced its inevitable result—it leaves people cold.

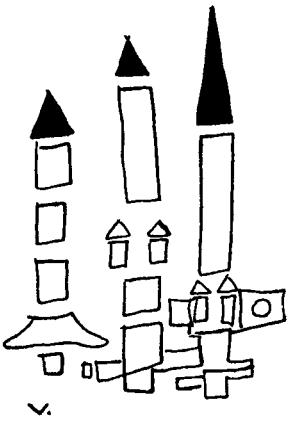
THE BOUNTIFULNESS of this country, the calm of Paris these August vacation days, and the political stillness of the daily press have misled me. The more one probes, the deeper the poisonous current of foreboding runs. I will leave here truly fearing for the French democracy. I find perfectly steady-eyed liberal writers who rather expect to be jailed as Reds and traitors by winter. The franc may be gaining in strength; the production curve rising. The local Gallup Poll may show most Frenchmen optimistic. De Gaulle may be moving with the wisest caution. But all this is the surface. Not even the new constitution really matters. Only Algeria matters. There is no sign that the rebels will either vote or parley. One excellent French thinker says, "De Gaulle has lost the game already and knows it." If so, his authority can only wither, and he will quit. The *colons* and the colonels are waiting. The conviction is widespread though half spoken: the power is still in Algeria, not in Paris. If they are right and de Gaulle cannot solve Algeria, the war must go on and the bitterness will grow. It is as if during our McCarthy days, the U.S. Army had been concentrated in Texas—to make a fantastic parallel—aligned with fanatic oil tycoons, and with the big press intimidated and all radio and TV in the hands of a McCarthy.

The French Revolution never revolved all the way. Two world wars never settled the profound intellectual, moral, and emotional quarrel that has been going on in France for generations. I fear that de Gaulle, the Algiers rioting of May 13, and the new constitution are ending nothing but the stalemate. It looks as if the showdown has just begun, the final fight between implacably hostile Frenchmen over the kind of society their country shall be in the second half of the twentieth century. May God fortify the most civilized of all peoples with more civilization of the spirit and less of the manner.

Nuclear Aggression And National Suicide

PIERRE M. GALLOIS

FOR MORE than a century, the sequence of events that preceded the outbreak of a war followed a fairly predictable line. Before the actual fighting there was a period during which the means of war were assembled. Ever since the First World War, this phase—rearmament—has been of increasing importance. Large sections of industry were harnessed to armament; and it was clear to everyone that war was being prepared, since the activities of hundreds of thousands of workingmen and technicians could not be



concealed. Then followed a period of tension. Then came the declaration of war, or, more simply, the act of aggression. The more determined the aggressor nation was to obtain a quick decision, the longer, the more costly, and the more visible was its phase of industrial preparation. What took place through years was a sort of build-up of effort, an accumulation of the violence that would suddenly be unleashed on the battlefield.

In that era—which was yesterday—striking power was obtained by accumulating the maximum number of weapon-carrying vehicles, tanks, planes, ships—and men. To train these men and build these machines took years, and the declaration of war or the act of aggression was always to some degree foreseeable and foreseen. Complete surprise was never possible.

Since Hiroshima, the situation has become totally different. Because weapons can now break the back of a great nation, a small fraction of a country's striking power would be enough for a decisive attack. There need be no preliminary period of mobilization, no preparatory phase, and consequently no recognizable signs of imminent attack. Theoretically, surprise can now be total, but it is unlikely to be attempted if the potential victim finds means to make it risky and unprofitable.

The fact that a number of planes carrying H-bombs are kept constantly aloft has alarmed European public opinion. Yet this operation has become necessary in order to protect the Anglo-American means of retaliation against surprise attack, for these would be the first objective of aggression.

EUROPEAN public opinion has encountered some difficulty in reconciling a purely defensive policy with aircraft carrying H-bombs in permanent flight. Yet it is precisely the West's wholly defensive position that compels it to have recourse to this method of providing permanent protection for its retaliatory potential. It is usually argued that a defensive policy should rely exclusively on defensive weapons.

But European public opinion has not followed the simple steps of this reasoning. To many people it is not at all obvious that precisely because their countries belong to a defensive alliance that will never take the initiative in provoking a war, they should recognize the necessity for a nuclear retaliation force, realizing that its continued existence suppresses all danger of war and that this continued existence can be assured only by continual flights of the bombers that compose it. Public opinion in the West, which could

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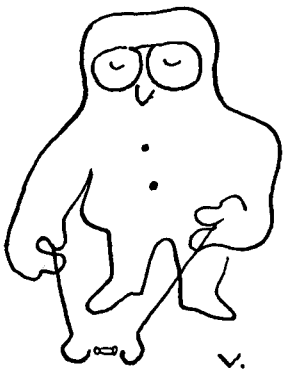
not be expected for a moment to accept the strategy of any preventive war, is also unwilling to accept the consequences of its own position. It must be admitted that the govern-



ments of the West have not taken the trouble to make these consequences clear. It is also true that clarity on this subject is difficult to achieve.

Before the nuclear age, a war could be won through a slow process of attrition. Over a period of time the adversary's potential was attacked and his cities were destroyed in order to disorganize his war effort, lower his morale, and thus, little by little, break his will to resist.

Power of Attack and Defense

Today all this is changed. The destruction of thirty of the largest cities in the United States and the death of twenty million Americans would not stop the Strategic Air Command from bringing down as great or greater destruction upon Soviet territory. Thus, by selecting major population centers as high-priority objectives, the aggressor would risk suffering similar destruction himself within a few hours. No attack on the adversary's population centers is conceivable unless his power to retaliate has already been destroyed. And in that event such an attack would not be necessary, since it is doubtful that, deprived of his power of reprisal, he could reject a dictated peace.

Similarly, the destruction by nuclear bombardment of the adversary's industrial potential would be of military advantage only if hostilities were carried on long enough for this destruction to weaken his armed forces. But it is generally conceded that no nuclear conflict, at least in an organized form, could last more than a few hours or days.

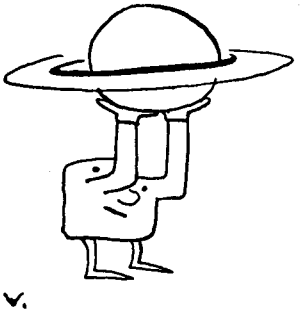
An attack aimed primarily at the adversary's major cities and industrial centers is possible only if the aggressor himself has a totally impenetrable defense system.

But no totally impenetrable defensive system exists. Moreover, none is likely to exist, unless of course something like the legendary "death ray" becomes a reality. And even then, the risk run by the aggressor would still be far too high, since even a partial breakdown in his defensive system would bring destruction to his land.

And here we are, face to face with the paradoxes of the thermonuclear era. In order to defend itself, a nation must have offensive power and hold it constantly ready; whereas a nation considering aggression can launch an attack only if it has or thinks it has a reasonably impenetrable defensive system.

Aggression Does Not Pay

The western world is now entering the era of long-range ballistic missiles still unaware of their logical im-



plications. It is said that ballistic missiles reach their objectives at speeds so high that interception becomes impossible; that armed with nuclear warheads, these missiles would cause tremendous damage; and that the aggressor would thus gain the enormous advantage of destroying in a matter of hours the cities of the nation against which he strikes.

This reasoning appears flawless, yet actually it means little or nothing. Tomorrow, in the missile age, just as today in the age of aircraft and H-bomb, the only defense will still consist in the possession of means with which to retaliate and in holding those means constantly safe from destruction by the adversary.

The general availability of perfected long-range ballistic missiles will do nothing to diminish the value of such a strategy; on the contrary, it will strengthen it. Let us see why.

We must return to the special logic of the nuclear era and once again apply the same process of reasoning through its logical chain of consequences.

¶ In resorting to force, the aggressor would have to select as his first objective his victim's power of retaliation, whether that power resided in aircraft or in missiles armed with nuclear warheads.

¶ Since there is no defense against missiles once they are on their way, the aggressor has only one means of preventing retaliation: he must destroy their launching sites.

¶ These launching sites, however, are no more than points on a map. Before they can be attacked, their emplacement has to be precisely known. Moreover, they can be built underground, and then missiles aimed to destroy them must explode either just above ground level or actually on impact—conditions that seriously limit their radius of destruction.

¶ It follows that an aggressor must expend a great number of missiles in order to make sure of destroying a single launching site. The number obviously increases in proportion to the distance involved.

¶ On the other hand, the defender can prevent his antagonist from resorting to force, not by threatening to destroy his launching sites but by threatening the aggressor's populated areas and great cities. The de-

fender knows where the cities are situated; in contrast to concealed or underground launching sites, cities cover large areas and are vulnerable to the heat effects of a nuclear ex-

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plosion even from a considerable height. A missile can be timed to explode at a point where its effectiveness will extend over many square miles.

Simple arithmetic is enough to show the difference between the means needed for defense and those needed for aggression. If the defending nation, for instance, had four hundred missile-launching sites thoroughly dispersed throughout its territory, and if these launching sites were well protected, it has been estimated that the aggressor would have to expend some 22,500 missiles—each with a warhead of one megaton—to destroy them. But the defense could wipe out thirty of the aggressor's largest cities with less than fifty missiles.

The War That Will Not Be Fought

And so, in this era of long-range ballistic missiles even more than in the age of the airplane, the advantage lies with the defense. The defense can prevent an aggressor from resorting to force by the threat of a relatively small number of missiles capable of reaching the highly populated areas that constitute their objectives.

The potential aggressor, on the other hand, would have to be capable of assembling long-range missiles in enormous numbers and of launching them all at about the same time. And when this was accomplished, he would himself have to absorb the radioactive fallout from the thousands of tons of earth and rubble he had catapulted into space.

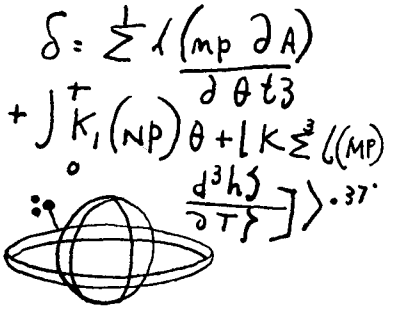
The operation would be pointless, militarily and politically. But, once again, it would be pointless only if the proposed victim had a considerable stockpile of nuclear missiles and as many launching sites as possible, disposed as far as possible from the aggressor's bases.

Within the framework of this new logic, the aggressor is obliged to prepare a military operation of immense amplitude, an operation that the defender must make impossible by facing the aggressor with the following dilemma:

¶ The aggressor attacks the defender's launching sites with thousands or perhaps tens of thousands of missiles, all launched simultaneously, thus obtaining the advantage of surprise—though even this is now almost impossible. Then, even if his attack succeeds, he is sooner or later exposed to the radioactive fallout he himself has created.

¶ Or he succeeds in destroying only a fraction of the defender's launching sites—in which case he will immediately be subjected to terrifying nuclear retaliations that will destroy most of his major cities.

In either case, the operation will be meaningless. But aggression is



futile only if the defender remains able to strike back. If he has no means of retaliation, he must yield to an aggressor who now can threaten to use his arsenal of nuclear weapons without fear of reprisals. In either case, armed conflict, specifically the use of ballistic missiles with thermonuclear warheads, will not take place. According to the first hypothesis, which assumes that both sides have nuclear weapons, the antagonists are forcibly held to a stalemate. According to the second, one side is compelled to submit to terms dictated by the other.

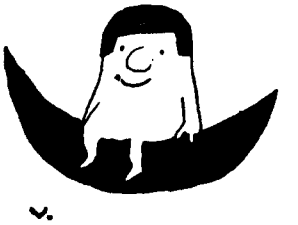
From all that precedes, it follows that those great powers which now possess a nuclear armament are self-protected. They are protected to the extent of their determination to use their bombs and their missiles if their vital interests are threatened. But even when that determination is open to doubt, the risk remains so great, the peril so disproportionate, that no one would dream of threatening their existence.

The European Picture

When after the 1952 Lisbon NATO Conference it became obvious that the West would never assemble sufficient conventional forces to keep the Soviet world from resorting to force, the need for nuclear weapons became imperative. Field Marshal Montgomery, speaking for NATO, repeatedly declared during 1954 and 1955 that any aggression of no matter what kind upon any NATO territory would be answered with nuclear weapons. Thus, through its unwillingness to pay the price for an adequate conventional defense, the West found itself compelled to put its trust in those weapons of massive destruction whose inherent dangers, and even immorality, it condemns.

In spite of Montgomery's remarks, it was obvious that in addition to nuclear weapons the West still needed enough conventional forces to discourage attacks where minor interests are at stake and where it would be reluctant to use the threat of nuclear power. Such conventional forces would enable the West to place a higher value on its European defenses everywhere and make even minor aggression so serious a matter that the risk of its developing into atomic warfare would be clear to all concerned. These conventional units filled the gap between a policy of "no force" and nuclear war, and, consequently, rounded out the policy of deterrence. Thus every division, every battalion that is withdrawn from General Norstad's NATO "shield" weakens that shield, and thereby makes the West more vulnerable, more exposed to aggressors not counteracted by the threat of a nuclear showdown.

The British thesis is that the avail-



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ability of small-caliber nuclear weapons (with a power equivalent, for example, to five hundred or a thousand tons of TNT) will make possible the numerical reduction of the NATO forces without lessening their firepower. Theoretically this is true. But to have those low-yield tactical weapons is one thing. To dare use them, thereby running the risk of having more and more powerful weapons gradually brought into the conflict, is another.

What is indeed hard to believe is that a belligerent would continue to use low-powered weapons when he could avoid imminent defeat by using more powerful ones. To this argument it will be objected that it was possible to place limits on explosive power in the dynamite era. But the destructive power of dynamite explosive was limited, not limitless like that of nuclear explosions; and certain types of objectives could be exempted from attack—as were, for instance, both the Japanese ports and the Manchurian airfields throughout the Korean War.

It is practically impossible to place a ceiling on the power of atomic weapons. As for their use, it is not inconceivable that the antagonists might come to a tacit agreement. The aggressor would then have to choose an area of conflict where the use of unselective nuclear weapons—even of the tactical, low-yield variety—would be impractical. This can be the case with subversive warfare. Situations can arise in politico-military conflicts where the opposing forces are so intermingled that both sides are compelled to downgrade the scale of explosive power employed, even to a level lower than the maximum reached by dynamite, and place their major reliance on the soldier's stamina.

THE POSSESSION of nuclear weapons by nations on both sides has created problems of appalling complexity.

One of the most extraordinary paradoxes is that nuclear weapons are at the same time essential and useless. When each of the opposing forces possesses them they are *militarily* worthless to either, but when only one side possesses them, they may prove *politically* decisive to the aggressor without being used.

The Most Cheerful Graveyard in the World

PAUL JACOBS

ALONG WITH amassing a comfortable fortune by convincing Los Angelenos that the only fitting way to begin a "happy Eternal Life" is by being laid to rest, in one way or another, at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, the cemetery he founded in 1917, Dr. Hubert Eaton, or "Digger" as he is known in the trade, has also succeeded in almost completely revising the dying industry.

The Digger, whose official title of "Doctor" is purely honorary, accomplished this revision by the simple but profound device of converting the hitherto prosaic act of dying into a gloriously exciting, well-advertised event, somehow intimately and patriotically connected with the American way of life.

Today, thanks to Eaton, dying in Los Angeles is something to be eagerly anticipated, because it is only after death that one can gain permanent tenure at Forest Lawn. Eaton, in one of his earlier roles—that of "the Builder"—described Forest Lawn as "a place where lovers new and old shall love to stroll and watch the sunset's glow, planning for the future or reminiscing of the past; a place where artists study and sketch; where school teachers bring happy children to see the things they read of in books; where little churches invite, triumphant in the knowledge that from their pulpits only words of Love can be spoken; where memorialization of loved ones in sculptured marble and pictorial glass shall be encouraged but controlled by acknowledged artists; a place where the sorrowing will be soothed and strengthened because it will be God's garden. A place that shall be protected by an immense Endowment Care Fund, the principal of which can never be expended—only the income therefrom used to care for and perpetuate this Garden of Memory.

"This is the Builder's Dream; this is the Builder's Creed."

The Builder's Creed is chiseled into a huge, upright stone slab on Forest Lawn's Cathedral Drive, just outside the Great Mausoleum and hard by the Shrine of Love. Viewed, usually in reverent awe, by more than a million visitors each year, Forest Lawn is, along with Disneyland, a favorite tourist attraction in Southern California, far outdrawing the concrete footprints in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Buried Treasure

A smaller inscription underneath the Creed points out that on New Year's Day, 1917, Eaton stood on a hilltop overlooking the small country cemetery which had just been placed in his charge. An unemployed mining engineer, Eaton had gone into the cemetery business after a vein of gold in his mine had suddenly vanished.

"A vision came to the man of what this tiny 'God's Acre' might become; and standing there, he made a promise to The Infinite. When he reached home, he put this promise into words and called it 'The Builder's Creed.' Today, Forest Lawn's almost three hundred acres are eloquent witness that The Builder kept faith with his soul."

Indeed, yes. The "almost three hundred acres" also bear eloquent witness to the fact that Eaton, still digging holes in the ground, worked a vein of gold infinitely more reliable than the one that vanished from his mine—the "Science and Art," as he describes it, "of Persuasion." So strongly does Eaton believe the "profession of salesmanship is the greatest of all professions" that he has established The Foundation for the Science and Art of Persuasion at his alma mater, William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri.

Forest Lawn reflects Eaton's skill in the "Science." The "country cemetery" with only a "scant dozen acres of developed ground" has

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grown into Forest Lawn Memorial Park, with a permanent "population" of more than 170,000, increasing at the rate of approximately 6,500 a year.

In fact, business has been so good that there are now two additional Forest Lawn "Memorial Parks" in Los Angeles: Forest Lawn-Hollywood Hills, the focus of a bitter political struggle in the city, and adjacent to it Mount Sinai, designed to attract the growing Jewish population of Los Angeles.

A Fig for David

Forest Lawn offers the largest religious painting in the United States, displayed in a building, the Hall of the Crucifixion, specially designed for it. There, for a voluntary contribution of twenty-five cents, the visitor sits comfortably in a large theater, in one of a "broad sweep of seats, richly upholstered in burgundy, rising tier above tier, matching the splendor of the architecture," and watches the three-thousand-pound curtain open on Jesus at Calvary, forty-five feet high and 195 feet long. A lecture about the painting, supplemented with a moving arrow, is delivered by a tape recording in the special kind of rich, organ-tone voice used throughout Forest Lawn.

There are also hundreds of statues, both originals and reproductions, scattered throughout the three hundred acres. Typical of these is an eighteen-figure group depicting Forest Lawn's solution to the "Mystery of Life." Interpretations of the eighteen figures are supplied: "(17) the atheist, the fool, who grinningly cares not at all; while (18) the stoic sits in silent awe and contemplation of that which he believes he knows but cannot explain with any satisfaction."

At the Court of David there is a huge reproduction of Michelangelo's "David"—with a large fig leaf added by Forest Lawn. An exact copy of the sculptor's "Moses" is displayed at the entrance to the Cathedral Corridor in Memorial Terrace, "the only one," according to Forest Lawn, "cast from clay masks placed directly on the original statue in the Church of Saint Peter in Chains at Rome, Italy."

So that the masks could be made, the Church of Saint Peter had to be closed for a day, something that had not happened before. "I gave a lot of dinners and I bought a lot of wine and I sent a lot of cables and St. Peter's was closed," Eaton modestly explains.

COLOR PHOTOS and post cards of the "Moses" statue can be purchased, along with thousands of other items, at Forest Lawn's souvenir shop. There, browsing visitors can choose from showcases displaying money clips, cocktail napkins, book matches, jigsaw puzzles, and charm bracelets—all decorated with Forest Lawn motifs. Prices range from a

'The Builder'

modest twenty-nine cents for a key chain to $125 for a glass vase etched with a Forest Lawn scene.

There are brown plastic nutshells containing little photos of Forest Lawn, ladies' compacts, cigarette lighters, cufflinks, salt and pepper shakers, picture frames, demitasse spoons, bookmarks, cups and saucers, pen and pencil sets, glass bells, wooden plaques, ashtrays, place mats and doilies, perfume and powder sets, jackknives, and a great variety of other goodies, all with an appropriate Forest Lawn theme. Books like *The Loved One,* Evelyn Waugh's satire of Forest Lawn, are not on sale in the souvenir shop. (Eaton occasionally expresses resentment over the treatment given the cemetery by novelists—especially by one writer to whom he extended free run of the park only to be parodied later. But Eaton also understands that such novels have brought world-wide publicity to Forest Lawn and have not adversely affected his sales, which come not from England but from Los Angeles.)

Among the most popular items at the souvenir shop are those showing reproductions of Forest Lawn's three churches, the Church of the Recessional, the Little Church of the Flowers, and the Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

"Providing a dignified setting for final tribute," the three churches "serve also for the joyous and memorable ceremonies of christening and the exchange of marriage vows." Since the churches have opened, more than 43,000 persons have had "memorable" marriages in them. But Forest Lawn makes no money directly from marrying people, and the profits from the souvenir shop are used for the upkeep of the Hall of the Crucifixion. Forest Lawn's real business is burying people.

Of Space and Time

"The hardest thing in the world to sell," states one of the organization's top officials, "are 'spaces.' " ("Space" is the euphemism used at Forest Lawn for "grave plot.") The reason for the difficulty is that Forest Lawn's sales organization, which comprises about 175 people, concentrates on sales made "Before Need," another phrase in Forest Lawn's own peculiar language of the flowers. Selling cemetery plots "Before Need" rather than "At Time of Need" or "Post Need," although difficult, is very profitable, since under California law a cemetery pays taxes only on its unsold plots. Once a "space" has been sold, it is removed from the tax rolls. Thus it is to the obvious advantage of Forest Lawn to sell off its land as quickly as possible, without waiting for "Need."

There are approximately fifteen hundred individual "spaces" to the acre in Forest Lawn. Prices average

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$300 per space. There are also rather more elegant neighborhoods at Forest Lawn which are less crowded and therefore more expensive. In the Gardens of Memory, entered only with a special key, there are "memorial sanctuaries designed for families who desire the privacy and protection of crypt interment, but who at the same time long for the open skies and the natural beauty of a verdant garden bathed in sunlight. Under the lawns in the Gardens of Memory have been created a number of monolithically constructed crypts of steel-reinforced concrete."

In the area of ground burial, Forest Lawn has contributed a pleasant innovation. No tombstones are permitted, only markers, set flush with the ground so that there is in fact the pleasant appearance of a park with sweeping green lawns.

But one does not have to be interred to take up permanent residence at Forest Lawn. A number of other arrangements can be made, including being inurned after cremation in a columbarium for as little as $145 or entombed in a mausoleum crypt—which can cost as much as $800,000, as in the case of the Irving Thalberg mausoleum. One can also be placed in a large wall out in the open air. Families may be interred, inurned, or entombed as a unit to maintain "togetherness." Should one feel the need for fresh air while spending the "happy Eternal Life" in a crypt, it is possible, at added cost naturally, to have a ventilating system installed. In the mausoleum, tape-recorded music is played as well.

Inurnment is not restricted to a single form of urn. The law in California, which has a strong undertakers' lobby, provides that after cremation ashes must be buried or placed in a columbarium. A wide variety of urn designs can be seen, ranging from books and loving cups to miniature coffins.

The price for the casket or urn sets the approximate amount paid for the funeral itself, but here the range is far greater than for the "space." The least expensive casket, with the metal screw heads showing, is $115; the most expensive goes for $17,500.

Forest Lawn's rich, creamy advertising presentations combine the hard and the soft sell. On radio and television, the same institutional approach is as manifest as at the cemetery itself. Programs of church services and organ music are announced in deep, sonorous tones, and practically no mention is made of the company's product. The institutional approach is also used on billboards picturing stained-glass windows or the "Moses" statue. However, many of Forest Lawn's billboards are given over to the hard, competitive sell, featuring what is Hubert Eaton's original contribution to the American way of death: the concept of combining in one place mortuary functions, such as embalming, with funeral services and burial, thus obviating the necessity for outside undertakers, florists, funeral chapels, and long processions to the cemetery. Forest Lawn successfully undertook the elimination of the undertaking middleman.

Today, Forest Lawn's hard-sell slogans of "Everything In One Beautiful Place" and "Just One Phone Call" are widely copied, as are the ads which usually feature back or side views, sometimes in color, of two dry-eyed, well-groomed people talking to a distinguished-looking, gray-mustached bank-president or diplomat-type man, identified by a discreet sign on his desk as a "Funeral Counselor." Sometimes only the "Counselor" is shown, answering the "Just One Phone Call" with the dedicated air of a statesman. It is clear from the ads that at Forest Lawn, where the concept of death has been abolished, the standards of accepted behavior demand no vulgar signs of outward grief.

A Struggle to the Death

But even though its competitors copy Forest Lawn today, Eaton faced a bitter battle when he first attempted to bring a mortuary into the cemetery. Forest Lawn's permit to operate a mortuary was given only after a determined struggle waged against him by some of the undertakers who foresaw disaster for themselves in the new trend of combined services. It was during this period that Forest Lawn began to build up its own political operations, which today make it the most powerful spokesman for the industry in the state.

There have been a number of occasions when, in its self-interest, Forest Lawn has had to do battle, sometimes in ways that might have been frowned on by the dignified gentlemen in their ads. From the 1930's to the early 1950's, Forest Lawn was in a running argument with the county assessor's office over the tax assessments made on its property, with Forest Lawn always claiming that the assessments were too high and almost always getting them reduced, even as much as fifty per cent, by the county board of supervisors. Some supervisors did consistently oppose Forest Lawn's plea for tax reduction and supported the assessor, but when the votes were taken a majority always supported Forest Lawn.

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In 1938, in one of its early appearances before the board of supervisors, Forest Lawn requested a tax reduction, claiming that the vacant property in the land it then owned would remain unsold until 1973. At the time, the county assessor pointed out that Forest Lawn had "acquired additional property when they said it was going to take thirty-five years to sell out what they now have, yet they go to work and buy seventy-five acres adjoining at a big price."

Ten years later, in 1948, the issue of how long it would take to fill Forest Lawn's vacant "spaces" became one of the central points in a bitter political hassle within the Los Angeles City Council, and the cemetery completely reversed its argument of ten years earlier. At issue was Forest Lawn's request for a zoning change to permit the use, as a cemetery, of 480 acres of land adjoining Griffith Park, a public park and playground in the Hollywood area.

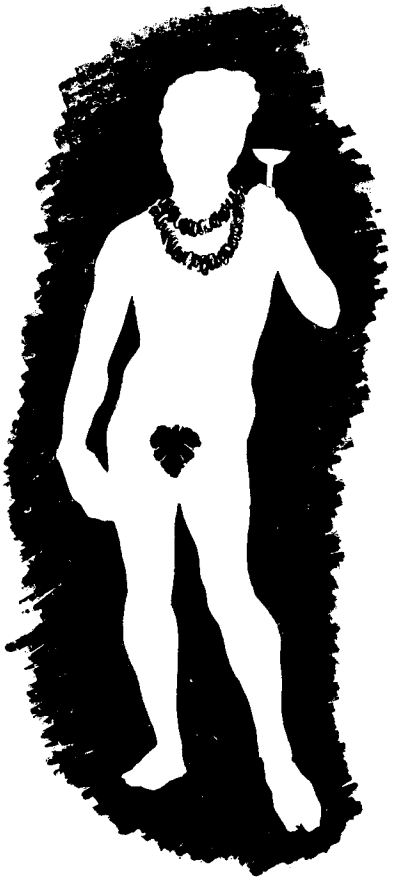
FOREST LAWN'S first request to develop this new cemetery was submitted to and rejected by the city planning commission in 1946. When the request was again rejected in 1948, Forest Lawn appealed, claiming, in contrast to its 1938 plea of unsold land, that "by the year 1965 all of the available grave spaces in existing cemeteries will have been exhausted."

The odds against Forest Lawn's gaining approval for its plan to open a new cemetery seemed formidable. The planning commission opposed it, the park department opposed it, the board of health commissioners opposed it, the water and power commission opposed it, the board of public works opposed it, the Hollywood chamber of commerce opposed it, and a variety of community groups opposed it. But the "Builder's Dream" triumphed, and on March 9, 1948, the city council voted 11-3 to permit the opening of the cemetery.

Never an organization to leave stones unturned, within a few hours Forest Lawn had hastily dug six holes in the ground and buried six bodies in them; a move which, under state law, immediately qualified the area as a commercial graveyard that could not then be disturbed or moved except under very specific circumstances.

"We got the bodies we buried through the county hospital or from their next of kin in advance," states Ugene Blalock, vice-president and general counsel of Forest Lawn, "and we made no charge for our services. If the vote in the council had gone against us, we would have given them a free burial elsewhere."

In fact, however, the council vote has rarely gone against Forest Lawn, even when the city fathers were voting on whether to give Beverly



Hills the street where Eaton lives, thus providing the Digger with a more distinguished address. Although he hasn't moved, Eaton now lives in Beverly Hills.

NO ONE is quite sure about the exact basis for Eaton's influence; or if they are, they're not willing to talk about it for the record. Blalock states that Forest Lawn as an institution has not made, as far as he knows, any campaign contribution in eighteen years, although he adds, "Individuals may make political contributions." But politics aside, it is Hubert Eaton, master salesman, who is chiefly responsible for Forest Lawn's success.

It is from Eaton's mind that has come the creation of the Council of Regents of Memorial Court of Honor, twenty-two "outstanding business and professional men" who advise "on all matters concerning the growth of the Memorial Park as a cultural center of religion and fine arts."

Its members, who include the president of Occidental College and the chancellor of the University of Southern California, wear a handsome, flowing red robe, trimmed with velvet, and an elegant round red hat, also trimmed daintily with velvet, while around their necks hangs a kind of Maltese Cross decoration, perhaps the Order of Forest Lawn.

Fun with Funnels

Such touches as these distinguish the imaginative Eaton from his colleagues. Eaton's devotion to salesmanship, as evidenced by his creating special heart-shaped children's sections at Forest Lawn, named Babyland and Lullabyland, began early in life, according to "The Forest Lawn Story," his biography sold at the souvenir shop.

The son of a college professor, Eaton, states the biography, "sat in his little cubbyhole behind his father's bookshelves ostensibly studying but actually eavesdropping on his father's conversations with callers. Invariably they came for advice on one thing or another but more often than not, it was advice on matters affecting money. From these conversations he learned the word salesmanship and what it meant."

It was Eaton, too, who initiated many Forest Lawn public-service activities—the inspirational speaker made available to service clubs, the thirteen half-hour Bible films, and the giving of the Forest Lawn Awards for Persuasive Writing as a "practical service to students and Christian liberal arts colleges."

Long interested in "small, independent, liberal arts colleges" as being "America's last bulwark against the march of Socialism. . ." Eaton believes that "most" college professors are "semi-socialists at heart" who teach young people that salesmanship "smacks of chicanery, dema-

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goguery, of influencing people against their wills. . ."

But Eaton isn't always so serious. Even when he was at college himself, he always had a "good sense of humor." His biography relates that one of his favorite tricks was to persuade a visitor to allow a funnel to be inserted into the top of his trousers and then to make him balance a penny on his chin and try to drop it into the funnel. While the visitor was in this position, young Hubert "or one of his cronies would pour a cup of cold water into the funnel."

Eaton's "good sense of humor changed little in succeeding years," states his biographer, and it certainly hadn't changed much the night when Eaton gave one of his usual huge, lavish parties for a group of friends and guests. It was called "An Enchanted Evening in the South Pacific," of which "Trader" Hubert Eaton was the master of ceremonies. Elaborate Hawaiian acts were presented, and guests received a large, beautifully printed eight-page souvenir program in color, in which Eaton had himself depicted as "Your Happy Planter," jumping from page to page on a golden-shovel pogo stick.

On the cultural level, the printed program carried a large reproduction of the "David" statue, with a fig leaf, a Hawaiian lei, and a girl curled around its neck, all illustrating a poem, "The Secret of Hubie's David," which described just how it was decided to add a fig leaf to Forest Lawn's copy of Michelangelo's "David" in order not to shock "the ladies of L.A."

BUT SURELY the greatest of all the improvements that Eaton has made on the past is Forest Lawn itself. Here, what might have been just an ordinary "country cemetery" has been parlayed into a solemn institution, profitable and widely imitated, looking like Edgar Guest's idea of Heaven brought to earth, while representing a social level to which all people can aspire after death. And in the future, says Hubert Eaton, "When the place is all filled up, my idea, from a financial standpoint, has always been to make Forest Lawn into a museum and charge admission."

The Paradox Of Peru

GLADYS DELMAS

LIMA

WHEN Vice-President Nixon set off on his ill-fated journey to South America, no observer of Latin-American affairs doubted that he would run into stormy weather. Uncle Sam is a traditional whipping boy south of the border—more so than ever since our recession has begun to affect Latin-American economies. What *did* surprise some was that the storm should break in Peru, the traditional friend of the United States, a country with a minimum of xenophobia, no legal Communist Party, and a tradition of courtesy that goes back to the Spanish hidalgos.

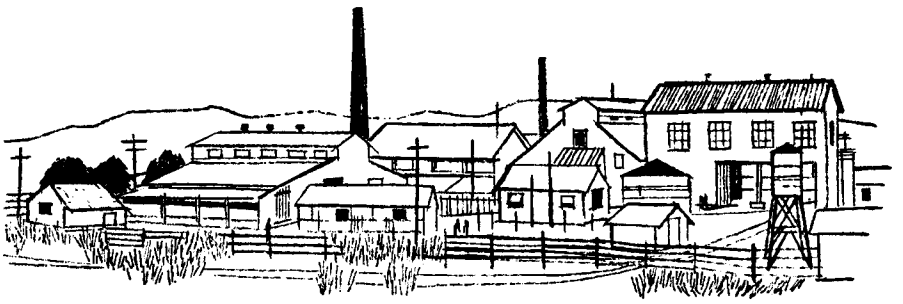
Furthermore, Peru has often been called a "showcase for free enterprise." It does indeed have a free exchange system, with unrestricted conversion of profits and repatriation of capital to the land of its origin, a liberal mining code which grants concessions without distinction of nationality, a minimum of price controls and government interference in private business. Almost all public utilities are in private hands. No foreign company has ever been expropriated or nationalized. Few of these things can be said about any other Latin-American country, except perhaps Venezuela.

As one looks closer, however, the showcase begins to look as though it belonged in a museum rather than in a modern salesroom. This is nineteenth-century capitalism, with the rich getting richer year by year and the rest of the population just scraping along. It is estimated that two-thirds of Peru's ten million people—the Indians in the high Andean valleys and the even more primitive tribes on the eastern slopes and in the Amazonian jungles—live completely outside the economic system, at bare subsistence level. No figures are available on the distribution of the national income, but all observers are agreed that just a few families at the top—thirty or forty at the most—take an enormous slice of it.

THE RATE of capital formation is very high: gross domestic investment runs at about twenty-five per cent of the gross national product, and of this public investment accounts for only three or four per cent. Since this private investment comes "chiefly from . . . a relatively limited number of individuals and companies," according to the U.S. Department of Commerce, and since, in addition, a certain amount is being salted away abroad under Peru's free-exchange system, it is obvious that enormous profits are being made at the top.

Furthermore, Peru has never had a "popular" government of the demagogic or revolutionary type to break the pattern. Its governments are either actually drawn from the upper classes or are subservient to them. A local wit has described them as governments "of the Indians, for the oligarchy, by the politicians."

Even in prosperous years when its exports brought high prices on world



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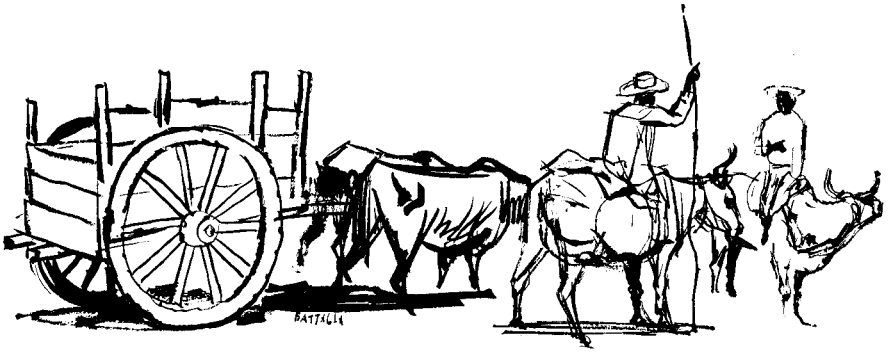

markets, Peru would have had an unfavorable trade balance if foreign investment capital had not kept steadily coming in to tip the scales in the right direction—encouragement of such investment was of course the basic reason for Peru's liberal trade policies. This foreign capital is seventy-five per cent American. Our investments, however, have gone chiefly into the extractive industries—mining and petroleum; very little has gone into industry.

Just a Hole in the Ground?

Peru has hardly more than an embryo industry, comprising chiefly textiles and food products. Because of the extreme poverty of a large proportion of the population, the market is so small that a modern industrial complex is simply not feasible. Students or labor leaders, however, interpret our preference for the extractive industries as a sinister plot to exploit the country. They say such industries make a country poorer, not richer; that aside from wages paid to miners the country gets nothing out of it but a hole in the ground. And they point out that the new open-pit iron mines at Marcona are so highly mechanized that even the amount of wages paid is very low. (There is no export tax on minerals here as in Chile.)

A steel mill is under construction at Chimbote on the Santa River, as part of a whole hydroelectric irrigation complex. The Export-Import Bank was approached some time ago with a request for long-term credits to finance the mill. The bank, which has granted substantial loans to Peru for other projects, refused to finance this one—doubtless because Peru offers too small a market for an economically viable steel industry. The Peruvians, however, then turned to the French and obtained credit for the purchase of French industrial equipment. This incident was cited as an example of our desire to "stifle" the Peruvian economy.

THESE PROTESTING Peruvian groups picture us as foreign "plutocrats" exploiting Peru's natural resources for purely selfish reasons, and contributing little or nothing to the country's development. That the United States is seldom officially approached by the Peruvian government itself for loans for well-planned and -organized projects has certainly not been made sufficiently clear, and perhaps cannot be made clear without our seeming to criticize the Peruvian government. And this government is quite happy with things as they are, except of course in times of recession. Long-term, low-return investments such as irrigation projects, road building, and sanitation programs hold little attraction for people accustomed to making a killing in speculative real estate or in bank loans at twenty-five or thirty per cent per annum.

By the very nature of our investments, therefore, we have become identified in the minds of the Peruvian people with their own plutocracy. And because it is easier and somehow more becoming to hate a foreigner than one's own compatriots and ancestral masters, *we* get the blame.

The Good That Men Do . . .

Of course, the big American companies operating in Peru—International Petroleum Company (I.P.C.), Cerro de Pasco, W. R. Grace & Company—are not nineteenth-century robber barons. They all have programs for workers' housing, education, sanitation, and health that startle Peruvians. When Fernando Belaunde, the left-wing candidate who came close to winning the presidential elections in 1956, was campaigning in the oil fields, he took one look at I.P.C.'s housing development in Talara and exclaimed, "If this is foreign imperialism, what we need is more, not less of it!" An honest statement that won him no votes.

Another example is the experiment carried out by the Cornell Institute of Applied Social Studies. They took over a run-down, exhausted hacienda, Vicos, that provided the barest subsistence to the thousands of Indians living on it. They started by teaching them modern argricultural methods, providing improved seeds and some equipment. In a few years, Vicos has become a prosperous, dynamic community and the Indians are well on the way to owning the property outright, paying for it out of their profits. This Cornell experiment irrefutably disproves the constantly reiterated opinions of upper-class Peruvians as to the brutish stupidity and ingrained shiftlessness of the Peruvian Indian.

SUCH developments, however, are in isolated mining or agricultural communities, far from Lima, where public opinion is made. And they arouse a latent antagonism that works two ways. For the Peruvian plutocracy they create an unnecessary ferment: they break the ancestral pattern of submission; soon their own employees may be asking for similar things. At the same time they tend to deprive the professional labor leader or political agitator of convenient and age-old grievances against the "plutocratic" system. Fortunately for both groups, the isolation of these model developments has made it possible to ignore them in public oratory. But the fact that there is resentment against the United States even for the good we do is still another paradox in this confused situation.

The problem the United States faces in Peru is a thorny one: our least gesture in the direction of encouraging a more equitable distribution of the national income would be considered an intolerable interference in Peru's internal affairs. Yet willy-nilly we are harming our own name and the principles we stand for by seeming to approve—and certainly profiting by—the sort of nineteenth-century capitalism that is still dominant in Peru.

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Ghana Discovers The Perils of Independence

J. H. HUIZINGA

WITH ITS CONVOCATION of a Pan-African Conference at Accra in April, ambitious little Ghana reminded the world that it is not content to rest on the laurels gained when it achieved independence back in March, 1957. It would be a mistake, however, to see much more than a sort of international *acte de présence* in this initiative of energetic Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah. Pan-Africanism as a political program rather than a creed, so his adviser George Padmore told me, is a thing for the future. Moreover, Nkrumah has his hands full with many far more pressing tasks in his own homeland, now in the throes of the post-independence hangover that all emancipated colonies have to go through.

As a result of his visit to the United States in July, he can now count on increased economic assistance from Washington, which promised to expand its technical co-operation and to explore the possibility of government loans and private capital investment for Ghana's Volta River power project.

Harsh Words and Hearty Laughter

Meanwhile, however, Nkrumah has domestic problems of a different and even more urgent nature. "We are worse off," one of Ghana's few newspapers said a few months ago, "than we have even been under the imperialist yoke. . . . Whatever the defects of imperialism the rule of law was there. Today even the mere façade of it has practically disappeared and life in Ghana is but a mockery . . . [Nkrumah's] Convention People's Party, in their determination to rule this country by the law of the jungle, are not leaving anything to chance. . . . Their sole desire appears to be to remain in power for life, and damn the consequences. To put this obsession into effective practice they will not stop at anything. They will continue to copy . . . even the worst examples of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy to enslave the people of Ghana . . ."

THE MERE FACT that the opposition can openly attack Nkrumah's government with such violence is the best proof that the talk about "the enslavement of the good people of Ghana" is somewhat exaggerated. In fact, I have rarely been in a country where public affairs are debated in such an uninhibited atmosphere and with such ebullient gaiety as in Ghana. When I was there last December the government had just introduced a bill

banning political parties organized on tribal, regional, or religious lines —thereby rousing the fury of the opposition, whose constituent elements had been created on just such a basis. But this did not prevent the heated discussion in parliament from constantly dissolving in great gusts of African merriment. I saw both Nkrumah and his scholarly opponent Dr. K. A. Busia repeatedly almost helpless with laughter. And I saw one of these sessions end with a scene I have yet to see in any other parliament: on the government side the minister of justice conducted his party in the singing of the party song; on the other side of the House the last opposition speaker, who had convulsed the entire assembly with a filibuster, was hoisted on the shoulders of some of his colleagues and proudly carried around the chamber. And so an extremely good time was had by all.

Why then the accusations of dictatorship? Partly, of course, because Ghanians have learned the democratic game from the British, in whose own parliamentary battles vigorous abuse is by no means considered out of bounds. But partly also because the prime minister and his colleagues have indeed put on somewhat dictatorial airs from time to time. For many years Nkrumah has been the object of a personality cult, and he has seemed to encourage it since he became prime minister by deciding that Ghana's stamps were to bear his effigy and that he was to be immortalized in a statue outside Parliament House.

These were small things in themselves, but in the suspicious—and jealous—imagination of the opposition they soon took on frightening proportions. And this imagination was further stimulated when Nkrumah appointed as his minister of interior the notorious Krobo Edusei, a man who goes out of his way to talk like an African Goebbels—or rather, for he is far from subtle, like a very coarse and bullying imitation of the Nazi propaganda chief. Fortunately his bark has proved a good deal worse than his bite. Nonetheless, taking all these things together and adding the high-handed manner in which the government bypassed the courts last summer when it wanted to carry out a few hurried deportations, democracy and the rule of law have not always appeared entirely safe in Ghana.

The Price of Pax Africana

To do justice to the new rulers, however, one should not forget that in spite of all the talk about training for self-government, no one has ever really taught Ghanians how to run their country democratically. Quite the contrary. It is true that in the later stages of British rule they were given some instruction in the procedure of parliamentary government. But the main object lesson Ghanians learned from the British was the autocratic art of maintaining law and order by denying the right of opposition.

Of course, colonial government must in the nature of things be undemocratic, and only by autocratic rule could the peoples of Africa, who were as different from and as much at war with one another as the peoples of Europe, be made to live together in peace and order.

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But if the same price in liberty should now have to be paid for a Pax Africana as the British had to exact for the Pax Britannica, it would prove that the colonial rulers had failed in their self-imposed task of welding the peoples they had compelled to live together by force into a nation desirous to continue to live together in freedom.

It is often argued that the new rulers have only themselves to blame for the lack of cohesion of the nation which they are now supposed to keep intact; they should have left the British more time to complete their work of nation building. To this Ghanian leaders retort that the British were on the Gold Coast for a long time before they seriously faced the task of planning for the region's future as a nation—and that they did not make much of a job of it even then.

This is a difficult charge to rebut. For the famous policy of "indirect rule" under which the British, partly for reasons of convenience and economy, partly out of a sincere wish to respect native institutions and traditions, limited their interference with the latter to a minimum, was of course the negation of nation building. Far from eliminating the many dividing lines between the African peoples, it tended to perpetuate them. As a result the problem of welding those peoples into a nation was still largely unsolved when the new African rulers took over. Thus one of Nkrumah's first measures on becoming prime minister was to give his people a common tongue by decreeing that primary education, which until then had been given in the vernacular languages, should henceforward be given in English right from the start.

THERE WERE many other gaps in the work of the British nation builders that Nkrumah had to deal with. Although the British had introduced the democratic institutions of parliamentary government and universal franchise, there survived a remnant—and quite a powerful remnant—of the old Africa: the chiefs. True, they had not been left anything like the same degree of power as the absolutist maharajas of India whom Nehru had to deal with when his country gained its independence.

Under British rule the constitutional power of the chiefs on the Gold Coast had been greatly reduced when local government was taken out of their hands and transferred to elected councils (though they retain a privileged position in that a third of the seats on these councils are reserved for their nominees). But they still enjoy considerable actual power owing to the

prestige attached to their rank and the ceremonial functions that go with it. Unlike Nehru, Nkrumah cannot just sweep the old order aside. For one thing, the constitution guarantees that the institution of chieftaincy shall be inviolate. For another, it still enjoys, like the monarchy in Britain, widespread popular support, so that Nkrumah could only attack it openly at his own electoral risk. The opposition is well aware of this and tries to make political capital of it by constantly accusing the government of undermining the chieftaincy. Nor is this purely a matter of political expediency—there is also an element of real concern about the fate of traditional Africa and its values in the opposition's seemingly excessive fuss over the government's treatment of the chiefs.

Democracy and the Subconscious

Yet another point that should not be overlooked when judging the record of the new rulers is that the nation they took over from the British was torn by bloody internal strife. During the last three years before independence, when the British still bore ultimate responsibility for law and order, the central province of Ashanti was the scene of repeated political murders, kidnappings, dynamitings, and arson. Public security was so poor and tempers ran so high that in these three years Nkrumah never once set foot in this part of the country he was supposed to rule. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that when he took over full power he felt compelled to rule with a stronger hand than would be considered necessary or defensible in democracies whose people are not given to political violence. As he himself has said, his actions should not be judged by the standards applicable in Europe or America: "It is necessary in Ghana to impose by a positive discipline what in the older democracies is done subconsciously."

The bill outlawing political parties organized along tribal, geographical, or religious lines is a good case in point. In Europe, where many political parties have religious ties, such a measure would cause an even greater uproar than it provoked in Ghana. But what would be indefensible in the old and solid nations of Europe may be indispensable to keep a new artificial nation like Ghana from falling apart. Such a community, lacking a sense of national solidarity and subject to strong regional pulls, cannot afford to allow potentially disintegrating forces to organize themselves into political parties. It should not be forgotten that only two years ago the majority spokesmen of the central and northern regions of Ghana urged the British to partition the country before they finally handed over power.

The accusations of dictatorial designs that were leveled against Nkrumah when he forced the regional and religious parties to amalgamate into a national opposition are demonstrably wide of the mark. If he had been concerned only to strengthen his own position, he would surely have abided by the time-honored principle of divide and rule instead of compelling his opponents to combine forces against him.

IN PASSING, one other reason may be given why—so far at any rate—most if not all the talk about the dangers threatening Ghana's democracy can be discounted as oppositional electioneering. As already indicated, it is undeniable that some of Nkrumah's henchmen go out of their way to talk like would-be dictators of the worst sort. Thus Krobo Edusei never stops boasting that

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parliament (meaning, of course, his own party, which has an unassailable majority there) "can do everything except change a man into a woman." It is a doctrine which he has adapted from British patterns but which could prove fatal to the liberties of the Ghanians, who lack the unwritten constitution and the tacitly accepted conventions of ancient origin which in Britain offer a considerable protection against the tyranny of a parliamentary majority. In Ghana, however, this majority is fortunately not really so all-powerful as Edusei would have one believe; changes in the constitution can be carried through only with the consent of two-thirds of the House instead of a simple majority as in Britain.

The Modest Spoils of Office

What then really is at issue in the fierce party struggle which has given rise to all the talk about dictatorship—and which, in fact, has made Ghana into a far livelier democracy than India, where no opposition of comparable vigor has yet emerged? In the first place it is, of course, a struggle for power for the sake of power itself, and for the glory as well as the material advantages that go with it—proportionately much greater in Africa than in Europe. I am not thinking in this connection of the possibilities of illegitimate enrichment that power has to offer; I heard remarkably little of official corruption on any great scale. If politics is such an alluring profession in Africa, it is rather because it offers Africans some of the best-paid jobs available.

In Europe there are any number of professions in which an even moderately successful man can earn the $10,000 a year a minister draws in Ghana. In Africa such incomes are a good deal more difficult to come by (to say nothing of perquisites in the form of Mercedes automobiles or palatial official residences such as the cabinet ministers in neighboring Nigeria have recently voted themselves). In Britain a cabinet minister who has paid his income tax and surtax is left with something like five times more spending money than the ordinary workingman. In Africa the proportion is closer to fifty.

It would be unjust, however, to suggest that the party struggle in a country like Ghana is purely a fight for the jobs. Up to a point it also reflects a class struggle. Nkrumah and most of the politicians with whom he has surrounded himself are regarded as upstarts by the older, richer, and better-educated men—"reactionaries, middle-class lawyers, and merchants," as he himself has called them—whom he edged out of the leadership of the nationalist movement ten years ago. Their dislike of him carries a strong flavor of class prejudice based not so much on birth or economic standing as on educational background. Nkrumah, they will tell you, has not been to the right schools—meaning Oxford or Cambridge. (He studied at Lincoln and Pennsylvania Universities in the United States and at London University and the London School of Economics.) All the intellectuals—the people who *have* been to the right schools—have left him and joined the opposition. The sort of snobbism that used to be so prevalent in England is still widespread in Accra. And this snobbism of the intellectuals has made common cause with the *ancien régime* of the mostly far from intellectual chiefs.

On the face of it, even their combined forces would not seem to constitute any great threat to Nkrumah. They hold only thirty-two seats in a parliament where his much more cohesive and better-organized party occupies the remaining seventy-two. However, the opposition, and in particular the intellectual segment of it, is better placed to make trouble for the government than the parliamentary representation would indicate. Most of the key posts in the civil service are filled with opposition sympathizers, and it has strong support in both the army and the police.

Furthermore, in spite of all its professed concern for democracy, Ghana's opposition sometimes betrays curious conceptions of the role the servants of the state should play in the political life of the country. Thus one of its leading members told me that he would welcome a military coup to unseat Nkrumah and that such a coup would already have occurred if the Ghanian army were not still led by British officers (just as eleven of the fourteen departments of state still have a hired Britisher at the top).

It is not difficult to see why Nkrumah feels compelled to rule his new nation with a strong hand.

Stars and Bars Along the Amazon

MADELINE DANE ROSS and FRED KERNER

Four generations ago a handful of embittered, irreconcilable families in Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Mississippi, and Texas decided to emigrate to another country rather than accept the Yankee victory in the War Between the States.

In 1865 Brazil seemed to offer great opportunity to the first Confederate scouts who investigated the offer of Emperor Dom Pedro II. Brazil had the same rich red soil these Americans knew at home, and slavery was the accepted practice. The emperor, eager to encourage immigration, offered enormous grants of land for little or no money and abolished import duties on all "articles of prime necessity" for the immigrants' own use. Southern physicians and clergymen set out to explore the terrain. The reports they send back were so encouraging that the idea of emigrating swept the rebellious states.

Preliminary reports in both the American and Brazilian press indicated that a hundred thousand persons were prepared to sell all their chattels and seek a new life. However, only between six and eight

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thousand of them actually set sail for Brazil.

The list of emigrants included such Southern names as Burton, Minchin, Peacock, Prestwick, McAlpen, Ratcliff, Pyles, Buford, Thatcher, McKnight, and Whitaker. While most of them had owned or supervised large plantations, many were physicians, dentists, teachers, and ministers. The farmers raised crops of cotton, cane, corn, rice, and watermelon, developing thousands of acres of rich Brazilian soil, but they themselves soon disappeared as a group. It was they who died of strange diseases, or made their way back to the United States, or eventually joined their professional brothers in the cities of Brazil; and it was they who intermarried with other immigrants from all over Europe and with the natives.

In the cities, Rio, São Paulo, and Villa Americana—the last named for these North American settlers—those who remained continued the way of life they had known.

"THE OLDER PEOPLE kept traditions up," said Mrs. William Terrell, a soft-spoken lady of sixty-nine whose accent is startling to hear four generations and four thousand miles away from the South. "I was never permitted to speak Portuguese at home. Today, of course, the younger generation are assimilating—but we still watch the color line, and English is still taught to us before Portuguese."

After offering us a piece of broiled chocolate cake—"a recipe of my grandmother"—she recalled family stories about the shattered dreams of many emigrants: "Most of them were not used to physical labor and they had the handicap of not knowing the language. They had little money with which to buy slaves and were so unused to the rigors of pioneering that most of the first settlements failed and were abandoned. Many settlers died, others became ill. The United States, hearing of their plight, sent ships to take back those who wished to return, and a goodly number did. Others would have gone back, but they didn't know there was a chance, because they were living out in the hinterlands and communication was very slow."

What happened to those who were absorbed in the hinterlands? "Little is known of them today," Mrs. Terrell went on, "except that good old Southern surnames are frequently preceded by Portuguese, Indian, or other national given names." And the Stars and Bars has often appeared as decoration on Indian pottery at places along the Amazon far north of the Villa Americana settlement.

Captain Codman's Prophecy

There had been many high hopes that the presence of the Southerners would "have an influence in developing Brazil," an American steamship captain, John Codman, said when he saw the first boatload disembark from his vessel. "Theirs,"

he wrote, "will be a mighty power against the inherited customs of this slowest of slow nations." Other encouraging words came from "scouts" sent to explore the rich Amazon land. The Reverend Ballard S. Dunn of New Orleans, in a letter home, discussed the native farmer, who, he said, "uses no other implement than the broad hoe . . . If they produce *such* cane under *such a system,* what would they yield under all the appliances of improved culture?" Another "scout" letter of 1865, from Dr. J. McT. Gaston, a South Carolinian, reported: ". . . the farmers of the U.S. are needed here to teach the farmer of Brazil the proper use of the plough, and were any considerable number to remove to this country they would effect quite a revolution in agriculture in a few years." Another physician, Dr. R. M. Davis, stressed the need for suitable seed, mentioning in particular coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton.

The prognosticators failed to recognize the most important element in emigration—the emigrant. The ability to battle a new environment, the hardiness to battle new diseases, the courage to face alien ways—in these traits the Southerners seemingly were weakest. But before they left the land, they taught the Brazilian better ways of farming. In the urban areas businesses were started, which developed and grew. Educational institutions flourished. The less than twenty-five per cent of the emigrants who stayed in Brazil lived to fulfill in a small way the words of Captain Codman.

IN A DRAWL reminiscent of the deepest South, a relative of Mrs. Terrell, James Robert Terrell, made this plain. "I'm Brazilian and my father before me was born in Brazil. His father before him was born in Montgomery, Alabama, and was a plantation owner before the Civil War." Terrell, conscious of his accent, admits that he is often told he "sounds like a Southerner . . . but I reckon it's just a dialect passed on from my grandfather to my father to me. I don't even know I've got it."

The Terrells are one of the few families with descendants remaining in Villa Americana—which since 1938 has been called Americana but is now predominantly Italian. This town was founded on the site of the Machadinho Farm, bought by Colonel William Hutchinson Norris of Perry County, Alabama, in 1866. Twenty-six families settled there. The settlement grew more quickly when, about a quarter century later, the Paulista Railroad established a station nearby at Santa Barbara. In 1893 Santa Barbara was raised to the status of village, and the year following a police force was formed

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with Colonel Norris its first lieutenant.

Not long after, the village name was changed to Villa Americana. In 1924 it became a township, and since then has maintained a population of about 22,000. Despite its agricultural beginnings, it is principally an industrial area with 370 places of business—though there are farms growing sugar cane, corn, rice, pineapples, cotton, watermelon, bananas, and coffee. The township boasts a high school and a state teachers' college, a music conservatory, a radio station, and three newspapers.

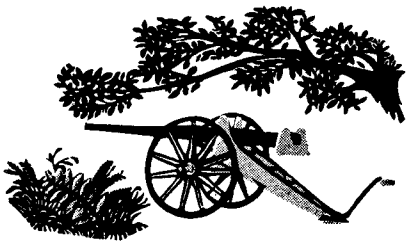
There are many more American names in the nearby cemetery than there are on the present Americana's tax rolls. Plain, simply inscribed stones mark the graves of many a Confederate soldier who spent his last days in Brazil. There are such tombstones as "Private Jonathan Ellsworth, drummer boy of the First Arkansas Brigade." On nearly all the headstones appears the Masonic emblem, for a Masonic lodge in Americana was an important part of the transplanted Southern way of life.

Colonel Norris and his son, Dr. Robert Cicero Norris, who fought with Stonewall Jackson's Army of Northern Virginia, landed in Rio on December 27, 1865. They chose the site of the new colony—125 miles inland from the coffee port of Santos. Later other settlements were established: one at Iguape, one at Rio Doce, and a huge one on the banks of the Ribeira River, comprising about six hundred thousand acres and called Lizzieland, after the favorite daughter of its founder, the Reverend Dunn, who tried to run the colony singlehanded. But all these settlements were eventually abandoned as the colonizing movement fell apart.

A Watermelon Boom

Dr. Robert Norris's daughter, Mrs. Julia Jones, now seventy-eight, lives in Higienopolis, a beautiful suburban section of São Paulo. She is most often called Dona Julia—the Brazilian version of the "Miz Julia" she would have been called in the South. She spoke about the first great agricultural success of the Southern farmers: watermelons.

One of the emigrants, Joseph Whitaker, brought with him watermelon seeds from his native Georgia. These were planted and raised at first as a food crop. Although the Brazilians had melons of their own, they took a liking to the watermelon because of its markings and referred to it as the "rattlesnake" variety. Soon it was put on the market, and became a great success, surpassing



all native varieties in popularity. With the coming of the railroad into Santa Barbara, the rattlesnake melons took first place as a money-maker, pushing into the background the cotton that the settlers had hoped would be their staple cash crop.

"Life," said Dona Julia, "was typically American. Practically all the customs and traditions of the South were kept up—from education to cooking, from language to Southern drawl." But the pressures of a pioneer life played hob with the colony. The physicians, the dentists, the teachers, the ministers all began to find themselves drawn to the urban centers. The little cultural activity available in Santa Barbara was not enough to hold their interest in remaining in the American colony.

From time to time, educators would come down from the States. Some would stay, but with the dispersal of the more cultured elements of the colony the educational focus found itself in São Paulo. In 1871, Dr. Horace M. Lane founded the American School and twenty-one years later he established the English-language Mackenzie College in that city.

But some of the Americans stayed on the soil and clung to their traditions—at least for a while. They held square dances, hay rides, and picnics; the girls organized library circles and sewing bees. Mrs. Martha Norris, Dona Julia's mother, imported a piano and arranged concerts and choral groups.

July 4 was a "jolly celebration day," Dona Julia recalled. "We hoisted the United States colors—and, of course, the Confederate battle flag." But for all the effort to preserve a way of life in a culture that was alien, and in many ways always remained alien, the settlers dwindled away—to São Paulo, Rio, or back to the States.

In São Paulo, the second generation began to intermarry with Brazilians so that today many Paulistas' grandfathers came from Alabama or Georgia. The Brazilian singer Elsie Houston, who was very popular in this country until her death more than a decade ago, was the great-grandniece of Sam Houston. The Lane family was another which, in intermarriage, contributed to the growth and international reputation of Brazil. They produced several first-class scientists and made an important contribution to opening for settlement the state of Mato Grosso, west of São Paulo.

Some of the emigrants plunged into the politics of Brazil, even taking part in revolutions. At the city hall of Americana a statue of one Jorge Jones commemorates his revolutionary contributions to the 1932 Getulio Vargas coup.

It doesn't seem at all strange that one of the most thriving industries in Brazil—one founded by a Southern descendant—is a soft-drink business. Horace Pyles, a descendant of the Norrises and Judson Pyles, owns a plant and makes and bottles a soft drink known as Crush—pronounced "Croosh." (It has no connection with this country's Orange Crush.)

Norris, Pyles, Jones, Terrell—the names live on, the Southern drawls continue to exist, the unwillingness to change clings. But the traces of the Confederates grow fainter. until now only superficialities call to mind a culture reminiscent of the Stars and Bars. As Mr. Pyles put it: "I'm Brazilian—I wouldn't live anywhere else." And Mrs. Terrell said: "While the old people were bitter, the descendants don't carry any bitterness any more. Most of them feel that they are Brazilians and that Brazil is their home."

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My Father's Excursions and Alarums

OSBERT SITWELL

IT MUST HAVE BEEN in a May or June of the early twenties that my father, who had returned to England after a stay of some months in Italy, wrote to my brother and myself, asking us to meet him at Renishaw. He wished us, he explained, to accompany him on a tour of the tombs of his Sacheverell ancestors in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire; that is to say in the churches of Morley, Barton, and Ratcliffe-on-Soar. He had long planned this pilgrimage in the company of his two sons—a ceremony comparable to the initiation rites that mark the beginning of adult life in savage tribes—but then the first German War had come and had cut across the traditional texture of life and prevented him from carrying out all his schemes. Now that he could at last put this project into execution, a strange wind blew from Russia, a new and ice-cold wind, so that the journey seemed remarkable and demoded instead of customary, because roots were mocked at and ancestors were at a discount.

The arrangements he made for this journey were truly tremendous, even though no incident worthy of them occurred during the four long days in which they culminated. When we arrived (yes, it must have been in the month of May, for I recall the expanse of bluebells flowering in every glade and coppice, so that the ground was temporarily lighter than the leaden sky, and the yeasty smell of them), we found that he was in process of mobilizing the machinery and assembling the backcloth for the unconscious comedy—a comedy big enough to reach over chasms of tragedy—that he could always be relied upon to provide; he had hired a rusty, bumpy motorcar, large and antiquated, and he had brought his air cushion to support him on what he chose to consider the long and tiring expedition before him, while the nimble and forthright Robins, who had passed into his service from mine, was darting crablike through the house executing, as far as was possible in an imperfect world, my father's instructions.

My father had resolved to spend the first night thirty miles away at Derby; one could only be astonished

that he had not proposed to spend an extra night at Chesterfield, some seven miles from Renishaw. Robins had to pack an array of medicine bottles, the labels on which had all been interchanged, for my father believed that it was the aim of all hotel servants to swallow "a dessertspoonful, as prescribed," from any bottle they saw. If they attempted this trick with him, they would get something they had not bargained for—but then my father on occasion suffered similarly, for though he maintained that he could identify the contents of each bottle by the look of it, his memory had been known to play him false. There were also to be packed quantities of thermogene wool against lumbago, whole sets of the very elaborate system of clothing which he had gradually evolved for himself, mounds of books, most of them in the dingy livery of the London Library, a mosquito net from the shelter of which he could emerge to quell possible trouble from the insect world, many notebooks, and last but not least several luncheon baskets containing cold hard-boiled eggs and roast chickens, iron rations in case we found the towns without provisions. In fact the preparations more resembled those that would be made to withstand a siege than those intended for a peaceable expedition.

An Ancestor's Plump Pigeons

We started in the early afternoon, and from time to time my father would command the driver to stop, in order that he could "rest his back." This he did by rocking and rolling backward and forward on the seat, so that his companions felt themselves to be crossing the Channel on a rough day. On our way, about three miles before we reached Derby, we passed a signpost with a pointer saying "Morley—Half-a-Mile"; but to see it would, he alleged, be too tiring on the first day. So we rattled on to Derby, where we arrived in time for dinner, and, in order to be ready for an early start the next morning, went soon to bed.

But first my father's bed had to be arranged as he liked it by Robins, and several boxes unpacked. (Looking at them, he remarked to me: "Next time we do this sort of thing, I must really bring enough luggage to make myself comfortable.") Then the curtains had to be tightly drawn, but proved intractable owing to some technical and no doubt endemic difficulty with the curtain rings. A hotel porter had to be summoned. He had just come on duty and was very tipsy, so that the act which he put on with a ladder took an immense time to effect and was as full of danger to himself as to others. Indeed, it was sufficiently farcical to rank in the Bloomsbury pejorative phrase of the time as being "rather music-hall."

THE THREE DAYS that followed were a series of triumphant anticlimaxes. It rained all the time. At one place we visited, the house had just been pulled down and there only remained a square red-brick pigeon cote, like a truncated tower, which still bore the arms of the Sacheverells—a building, no doubt, with an economic purpose; for my father told me as we drove up how the Lord of the Manor could with

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absolute impunity train his birds to raid the fields of independent farmers no less than those of the villeins, so that the pigeons grew plump for his table in the monotonous and remorseless winters of Plantagenet and Tudor times. Then, again, when we reached what should have been the culmination of our pilgrimage, the church of Ratcliffe-on-Soar, we found the floor of the sacred edifice under water, to the height of half a foot. It was impossible to examine the series of tombs closely without wading, but from the door they looked, it must be admitted, impressive and beautiful. Four or five great rectangular masses, decorated with Nottinghamshire alabaster and Derbyshire marble, bearing on them the recumbent effigies of knights and their ladies, seemed to float on a flat mirror of water. My father, however, refused to be depressed, and merely called to Robins, who was in attendance outside: "Robins, another time, remember to put in my gumboots!"

Guests in the Wilderness

At last those three days ended, but they certainly ranked as an unusual holiday. Still more out of the ordinary, however, was a vacation my father had later, with my aid, planned for himself—though in the end it had to be abandoned, owing as will be seen to a leakage of information. But first of all let me recount the singular incident that was responsible for reviving the memory of it.

One year during the thirties I sold our house at Scarborough, Wood End, to the municipality. During the 1939-45 War it suffered damage of various kinds, from the hands of a destructive indigenous generation no less than from enemy bombs. The plain structure in golden stone had stood there for several years with windows void of glass and ceilings fallen: especially the enormous conservatory in the middle of the house looked derelict, an airy ruin of twisted iron frames. To build it up once more must have seemed a difficult and expensive proposition, and consequently some time passed before the corporation determined to redecorate the house and to bring it back as much as possible to its former style and condition, planning to devote part of the space to a Sitwell Museum and part of it to giving shelter to a collection of stuffed animals—a bequest to the town by the same Colonel Harrison who first brought the pygmies to England from Equatorial Africa.

Five or six years after the end of the war, my sister and I drove over to Scarborough to inspect the house, the restoration of which was nearing completion. It was late in August, and we arrived in sunshine, particularly hot and luminous, but scarcely had our feet touched the pavement in front of our hotel before the wettest imaginable blanket of sea reek enveloped us and prevented us from even seeing across the road to the Town Hall where the Mayor gave us luncheon.

After the meal was over we were conducted directly to the Sitwell Museum. The fog had cleared but as soon as we entered the building a

brick, inoffensive enough to look at, shot out of the wall at me, hitting the back of my neck and bouncing off it onto the shoulder of the borough librarian. There were only one or two workmen about at the time and they faced the phenomenon with true British phlegm, but my companions were visibly astonished and shaken. No explanation of this incident was ever forthcoming; but subsequently when I allowed my mind to run on it, I wondered which, if it were really a manifestation, of many provocative incidents had been responsible for such sharp retaliation from the spirit world. After this manner, then, the memory of an episode that had taken place at Renishaw returned to me.

IT HAD happened during one of the peerless summers of the early twenties, when the sun seemed always to shine and the scent of box and tobacco plant lay heavy on the air which carried the melancholy of a long vanished prosperity. Parents and children were having luncheon together. It was an ordinary enough everyday British scene—except in one respect: that the younger members of the family—my brother, my sister, and myself—were wearing beards, designed by my sister, and made out of the hideous, lightly-tasseled fringe of an orange-colored rug; they fastened over the ears with two loops of tape, and had small bells attached to them which, with the movement of the jaws when eating, gave out a melodious Alpine tinkle. These artificial and extraneous adjuncts we had adopted as an outward sign of compliance and out of respect for my father's wishes; because one day, not long before, he had remarked, in a self-congratulatory tone while stroking his red beard, "It's a pity that you three children haven't got a little of this sort of thing." We could never, notwithstanding, be certain—since he was as curiously unobservant in some matters as observant in others—whether he had noticed the new fashion we had launched on the world that day.

Howbeit, during the course of the meal he had suddenly informed us that there were to be no guests this year, though he knew we were expecting several friends the next day. It was too late to put them off, and, in spite of protestations to the contrary, he loved to entertain friends at Renishaw—other people's friends of course, because he had none of his own, holding that they wasted his time. He was due, just after seven the next evening, to catch a train to London, there to spend the rest of the week, and one singular consequence of the edict he had thus abruptly promulgated was that from the morning of the following day until he left, the Wilderness—a wood that closed in the garden to the east—became full of figures hidden there as soon as they arrived: friends who had been invited to stay but now found themselves, in order to avoid discovery, obliged to inhabit this bosky Thebaid. We had arranged for food to be brought to them at midday, and immediately after my father had departed, these involuntary hermits, who remained singularly amiable considering the way in which we had been obliged to treat them, were liberated and dragged in triumph from their leafy refuge to dine with us. We felt compelled, nevertheless, to ask them to leave before my father returned.

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During the unfolding of the summer, he had become the most wretched victim of his own austere decree. Without guests to amuse him he was in reality immensely bored, though he continually denied this, for boredom—no one had even known the word in the Middle Ages—ranked in his mind as one of the greatest of sins. Although he would not rescind his edict, he felt that something had to be done to combat his ennui, so one morning he sent for me and announced that he felt he needed rest and recreation and to get away for a little (from what, he did not specify); in short, he must have a holiday, but if possible in some rather remote place, but where there would be plenty of other residents to whom he could talk and who could talk with him in return. He would prefer a house with a fine garden which offered as well a distant view, and his bedroom must look over flower beds.

It should be situated in a park with a lake in it—which was to him as running water, H and C, to those of a more modern and practical outlook. Now as it happened, I had only that very morning read in one of the daily papers an advertisement of what was obviously a privately run home for the demented, and was described as "set in peaceful surroundings with a park and a lake." Accordingly I told my father about this establishment but did not disclose to him its true nature.

"It sounds just what I need," he said.

"Well, all I can tell you is that most people, once they've got there, never leave. They like it so much that they've even invented a pet name for it—'the Bin.' "

This appeared to satisfy him, though he added: "I should like my fellow guests to have hobbies which they could discuss with me, and to be people, too, of some importance."

"I believe that one of them claims to be a steam roller, which I suppose in a way *could* be important," I replied in imaginative frenzy before I could stop myself, "and another resident maintains that he is the Emperor of China."

FORTUNATELY, my father never listened very carefully to what was said to him and caught nothing before the last part of the sentence. Indeed, he seemed gratified, and remarked in answer that revolution usually did a great deal of harm. My brother and my sister also spoke to him of the place with enthusiasm. Indeed, we succeeded in painting for him so attractive a picture of this peaceful retreat that he told his secretary to write immediately for *pension* terms. When the answer came, he said to me: "Though expensive, it is not exorbitant," and at once instructed his secretary to write to the manager asking him to engage a room on his behalf for the whole of the month of September. Unfortunately, in their reply the asylum authorities added to the letter a postscript:

"Ought a strait-waistcoat to be sent for Sir George to wear during the journey, which will be made by van? Three strong and practised male nurses will, of course, be in attendance."

This, though it abruptly terminated our design, was by no means the last we were to hear of it. I was packed off to our house at Scarborough, which my father was at that time using as a kind of private Siberia. I was sorry to leave Renishaw in its full August glory, the trees showing as yet no trace of the yellow fingers of the sun, the scent of lilies and stocks lying long in the heavy air, though an occasional gust of wind stirred the treetops of the avenue, and left the butterflies clinging precariously to their flowers. Nevertheless, I reflected as I walked to the station, the project had been worthwhile for its own sake, and my father had nearly enjoyed a long and for once really unusual holiday.

A Layman's Guide To the Age of Stereo

ROLAND GELATT

THOSE OF US who play and collect records have grown resigned to the phenomenon of rapid obsolescence. Though we may not admit it to ourselves (and certainly not to our wives), we acquire a new loudspeaker or a new recording of a Beethoven symphony in full realization that eventually we shall be purchasing them anew in more up-to-date and presumably superior form. This is a fact of life in the Age of High Fidelity.

Now our powers of adaptation are to be tested by a fresh challenge. It is the stereo disc, a new medium of canned music now bursting upon the scene. Manufacturers of records and record-playing apparatus will henceforth attempt to persuade us that stereo discs offer the ultimate in listening delight. But since the new records are rather more costly than regular LPs (a dollar higher, as a rule), and since one must procure some new equipment in order to play them, skeptics may understandably inquire whether the purported glories of stereo actually represent an advance in the reproduction of sound or merely provide a sales-stimulating gimmick for a gadget-prone public. The answer would seem to be that the stereo disc offers both.

THE BASIC FACTS about stereo sound—what it is, how it is achieved—have by this time been fairly well publicized. Essentially the technique represents an attempt to approximate by electronic means the spatial breadth and depth of normal two-eared listening. Two minutely divergent sonic "points of view" are recorded simultaneously and played back through two separate amplifiers and loudspeakers. The results, when well executed, are patently superior to the monophonic, or single-source, sound we have been hearing through radios and phonographs these many years. Stereo enhances clarity and allows music to "float" in a small living room with much of the atmospheric magic and buoyancy that one encounters in a large auditorium.

Initiates into the arcana of high

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fidelity will know that stereo recordings have for some time been marketed in the form of two-channel magnetic tapes. As a rule, these tapes have been remarkably good—and also remarkably expensive. A recording of Richard Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben* by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, for example, lists at $16.95 in the stereo-tape version as against $4.98 in the regular LP version. This disparity in cost is typical, but stereo tapes have attracted enough buyers to show a profit to their producers. By last fall, as a result, most of the major companies had ventured into the recorded-tape business, and it seemed as though a logical pattern was asserting itself—inexpensive LP discs for the mass market, costly stereo tapes for the well-heeled perfectionist. Then the $4.98 and $5.98 stereo disc came and knocked the pattern cockeyed.

Another Record Revolution

The idea of engraving two channels in a single record-groove is not new. Indeed, basic stereo-disc patents were taken out in England more than a quarter century ago. But there was a wide chasm between enunciating principles and achieving a commercially practical record. Research on the problem was carried out in several quarters, most purposefully by the Decca Record Company in England and the Westrex Corporation here. Last fall both concerns let it be known that they were on the threshold of success, and to private audiences they gave demonstrations of their work in progress. Critical listeners were not overwhelmed. Although it was proved beyond dispute that two separate channels could be engraved in a single record groove, the quality of sound that emerged from the loudspeakers was not satisfactory. It seemed then as if the stereo disc's commercial debut might still be many years away.

This was certainly the official view expressed at most record companies. Stereo discs, one was told, should not be launched prematurely. It was almost impolite to mention them in public. Sales of LP records were still climbing to heady altitudes a year ago; nobody wanted to jostle the apple cart. But soon there was a wholesale revision of this position through the entire record industry.

Two events brought about the change. Early this year a few independent record companies jumped the gun and began issuing, or at least promising to issue, their own stereo discs. These first releases were more for effect than for sales, since equipment to play them was then almost nonexistent. But once the dike had been breached, an epidemic of stereo-disc jitters began to afflict the industry, and policymakers at major record companies were soon forced to revise their opinions for fear of being left behind.

They were helped to reach this conclusion by another, probably

even more impelling, circumstance. By January of this year, record manufacturers were feeling the effects of the recession. Business was by no means at a standstill, but it had stopped growing. The stereo disc—though it presented some dangers—seemed the best stimulant at hand. In March, members of the Record Industry Association of America, grimly recalling their miseries during the War of Speeds, got together and agreed on industry-wide standards for the new product. Then began an intensive effort here and in England to produce quantities of stereo discs and playing equipment in time for the anticipated fall buying spree.

Those Multi-layered Effects

The results of all this activity are now on view. A variety of stereo discs and of equipment on which to play them has been turned out quickly and at low cost, all things considered, to the consumer. What is more, the quality of the merchandise is surprisingly high. A noticeable improvement in stereo discs is apparent over the prototypes of a year ago. Many still suffer from an excess of surface noise and a deficiency of bass; others are afflicted with the grating distortion of too heavily modulated grooves; but the best examples already approach the standards set by tape. I have encountered enough really first-class SDs during the last few weeks to be convinced that the industry's gamble in introducing the new records this year was justified.

London Records, the domestic branch of British Decca, has probably enjoyed the highest incidence of success among its first releases, which is not surprising when one realizes that the company has been working on stereo discs since 1952. Certain of its Debussy recordings by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande orchestra are worth particular mention, for they reproduce this composer's multi-layered orchestral effects with a verity that could only be hinted at in the conductor's previous monophonic recordings. Highly orchestrated scores in general benefit greatly from the stereo technique, which can spread and sort out the various strands of a tapestried musical structure with startling clarity.

A Westminster stereo disc of Elgar's *Falstaff* provides another fine illustration of how effectively this panoramic unfolding of a massive and complex work can be achieved. Even in *Falstaff's* most colorfully confected passages—when wood winds, brass, percussion, and strings are each pursuing separate courses—the stereo reproduction of Sir Adrian Boult's performance never sounds cluttered or distorted.

Stereo's delights are not, of course, concentrated solely on works employing the full orchestral armada. Nothing could be more entrancing than the crisp stereo sparkle of simple plucked strings in the "Pizzicato Polka" of the brothers Strauss (played by the Vienna Philharmonic and recorded by London) or more atmospheric than the reedy upper register of a 1720 Arp Schnitger organ as it gives forth a Bach fugue under the fingers of E. Power Biggs in the resonant ambience of an old Dutch church ("Bach at Zwolle," recorded by Columbia).

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Not every stereo effort, to be sure, is directed at the discriminating music lover in search of spacious and uncluttered sound. There is a gimmicky side to stereo—recordings deliberately souped up and distorted to accentuate the ping-pong effects of twin-channel sound. These may easily impress the gullible and clinch sales in the showroom, but they need not and should not distress the wary buyer.

THERE REMAINS the problem of playing the new SDs. For the man who is investing in record-playing equipment this fall for the first time, stereo presents no difficulties. A plethora of new apparatus specifically designed for stereo discs is his to choose from. There are small table-model sets for less than $200, super installations in the neighborhood of $2,000, and all varieties in between. Those who already have fairly recent high-fidelity equipment will have to make some additions. The requisites are a stereo cartridge to replace the erstwhile LP cartridge in the pickup, an extra amplifier, and an extra speaker—with perhaps an over-all stereo control unit to simplify adjustments of volume and balance. The cost of all this will naturally vary in proportion to the quality of merchandise desired. Most experts seem to agree that stereo conversion can be done adequately for around $150 to $200.

Converted or not, the serious music listener will quickly realize that his old monophonic LP records are far from obsolete. It will be many years before the stereo-disc repertoire can approach the profusion of music available on LP. And no matter how the SD proliferates, there will never be stereo recordings by Schnabel, Ferrier, or Toscanini. Fortunately, no either-or choice has to be made, since monophonic LPs can be played on stereo equipment with no damage either to the equipment or the records (and usually to more pleasurable effect, two speakers being better than one). For the moment, then, stereo discs can at best supplement the vast treasures and pleasures already existent on single-channel records. This is not to belittle the SD but only to suggest that its advent does not consign everything else to the Dark Ages.

A Lesson From the Sports Page

BILL HOBBY

WESTBROOK PEGLER once called the sports department of a newspaper its toy department. Now a toy department is a fascinating, pleasant, and even instructive place to browse; and perhaps newspaper publishers, by browsing in their own toy departments, may find there a cure for some of the more serious woes affecting the industry.

These woes are Biblical in number and weight. First there are those troubles which the newspaper business has more or less in common with other industries in the present-day economy. Swiftly rising costs and slowly rising revenues—if they rose at all—reduced the number of daily newspapers by forty-nine since 1951.

Newsprint costs that have increased fivefold since the beginning of the Second World War, and labor costs that have considerably more than doubled since the end of the war, increased costs of gathering and transmitting news, increased capital investment required by technological advances in the graphic arts—these are some of the problems newspaper management must cope with.

Moreover, the highly competitive nature of newspaper publishing means that circulation and advertising revenues must lag far behind. In cities where there is more than one paper, competition is necessarily fierce. In the growing number of one-paper cities, television, radio, and news magazines vie no less strenuously for the reader's time and the advertiser's dollar.

Some Unique Headaches

But infinitely more serious than these is the set of problems peculiar to the newspaper business, problems growing out of the marked decline of the public esteem in which newspapers are held. Here are some:

¶ The prestige which once attached to the profession has greatly diminished. As advertising has replaced circulation as the major source of a newspaper's revenue, the glamor which once surrounded a reporter or an editor has largely disappeared. Asked to rank professionals by the ability and training required, interviewers in a recent public-opinion poll placed newspapermen eighth, just below dentists and just above television commentators and undertakers.

¶ The political influence wielded by newspapers has declined. Rightly or wrongly, for the last three decades newspapers have been somewhat out of step with the rest of the country and have suffered accordingly. A poll taken in 1957 showed that about a fourth of the sample believed that newspapers slanted political coverage in favor of one or the other of the parties. Repeated examples have shown that newspaper endorsement of a local, state, or national candidate is no longer a vital element to a successful campaign.

¶ Not only the profession but the product is less highly regarded than formerly. Since 1950, if not earlier, total daily newspaper circulation in the United States has failed to keep pace with the population growth of the country—and this in one of the most prosperous and news-conscious eras in history. While our population has increased more than thirteen per cent from nearly 152 million in 1950 to nearly 173 million in 1958, newspaper circulation has increased less than four per cent. Not only has circulation lost ground relative to the total population; it has done so at a time when an ever-increasing proportion of the people are living in cities, within the primary circulation areas of the metropolitan dailies.

In New York the total circulation of the major dailies (excluding the *Times*, which will be discussed later) actually dropped from 5,207,548 in 1951 to 4,641,316 in 1957. About half of that loss is attributable to a price increase in the summer of 1957

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by the afternoon papers in New York. The pattern of decline was well established, however, before last year.

¶ The nation-wide sale of Sunday papers presents a similarly discouraging picture. According to figures compiled by one industry source, Sunday circulation gained only slightly during 1957. According to another equally authoritative source, the sale of Sunday papers actually dropped last year.

Why have newspapers been singled out for this plague of boils? Well, like the Katzenjammer Kids, they brought it on themselves. Newspapers have consistently underestimated not so much the intelligence as the education of their readers. Our educational system has recently been under attack for failing to produce a sufficient number of highly trained professional men of various sorts. Be that as it may, the system has produced a literate population whose general education level is remarkably high. They want their news presented on a level of precision and detail on which many newspapers are not accustomed to operating.

In addition, the growing urban population has produced a relatively sophisticated audience that is accustomed to the complex organization necessary to make a highly developed society function. Political, economic, and social problems are no longer simple and easily understood—if they ever were. And nobody is more aware of this than the people—meaning all of us—to whom these are personal problems.

Yanks Crush Wall Street

But what do the sports pages have to do with all this? Simply this. Pick up a newspaper and read its account of a major football or baseball game. You will probably find a knowledgeable, coherent narrative written by a person with an expert knowledge of the game. The material necessary to fit the story into the available space will probably have been selected with considerable judgment. And you will find a detailed statistical analysis (box score) of the game.

Whatever the game, the story will probably be one that can be read with appreciation and enjoyment by a reader who has considerable knowledge of the game. This is another way of saying that the most expert coverage of a reasonably technical subject to be found in many newspapers is on the sports pages.

Where, in most papers, is there to be found coverage of comparable quality—clear, yet complete and not oversimplified—of economic affairs? There is, of course, a monthly story on the cost-of-living index and, in hard times, one on the unemployment figures. But that is not covering economics. What editor of a metropolitan daily would tolerate such superficial coverage of the American League pennant race?

If anyone doubts that more and better economic coverage will sell newspapers, he has only to look at the circulation of the *Wall Street Journal,* which more than doubled in six years, jumping from 211,407 in 1951 to 493,767 in 1957. Or of *Barron's* financial weekly, which went from 40,229 to 78,097 in the same period. And these increases were recorded when most circulation figures were rising slowly if at all.

Or take the closely interrelated topics of defense and foreign policy. At a time when the Rockefeller report on the military aspects of international security and Dr. Henry A. Kissinger's book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* were best-sellers, how many newspapers were adequately reporting this crucial policy debate? Just as important, how many were providing the background and interpretation so essential to this type of discussion? Aside from Hanson Baldwin of the *Times,* S. L. A. Marshall of the Detroit *News,* and the Alsop brothers, the qualified writers in these fields are few.

Science and medicine are other fields in which surveys reveal tremendous popular interest unsatisfied by most newspapers, and certainly all indications are that what the readers (or nonreaders) want is not the Sunday-supplement variety of science writing but the kind that the New York *Times* for years has found commands a broad readership.

THE RECENT TREND in the *Times* circulation indicates clearly that there is a market for this kind of journalism. During the same 1951-1957 period when the combined circulation of the other New York dailies dropped, sales of the *Times* rose eighteen per cent, from 524,086 to 622,843.

Nor is New York an isolated case. Other papers have achieved similar results. The evidence strongly suggests that there is a large and growing audience for serious journalism, and that the fiscal as well as the intellectual salvation of newspapers lies in a willingness to grapple with the complex problems of a complex society.

The Myths and Realities Of American Trust Busting

EDWARD G. POSNIAK

ANTITRUST POLICIES: AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN TWENTY INDUSTRIES, by Simon N. Whitney. *Twentieth Century Fund. Two Volumes. $10.*

There are probably few people today who would agree with the view once privately expressed by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes that "the Sherman Act is a humbug based on economic ignorance and incompetence." Yet, while Americans show nearly unanimous support of our antitrust policies, the precise results of antitrust laws are extremely difficult to measure. And, as recent testimony before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee would seem to indicate, the precise relevance of antitrust laws to certain basic economic problems confronting the country may appear in doubt, even to such men as Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming, a trust buster from way back. On the first day of the hearings concerning recent steel-price increases, the senator remarked gloomily: "The country must look for some other solution

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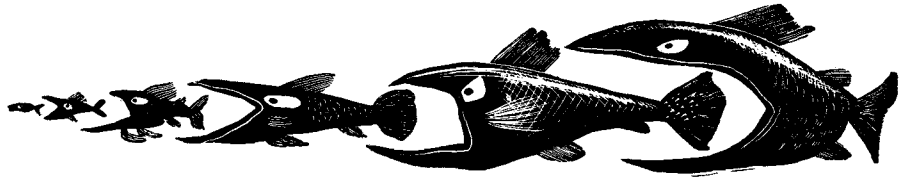
than mere antitrust prosecution. . . . The whole system of free enterprise stands in jeopardy."

The publication of Simon Whitney's study performs a timely service,



coinciding as it does with widespread interest in "administered" prices ("administered" to the public by the seller) and other antitrust problems. Because the author, since completion of his study, has become the chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission, his conclusions will be scrutinized with special care in many quarters, notably those affected by FTC policies.

Questions of Decree

During the nearly seventy years that antitrust laws have been on the statute books, several hundred antitrust cases have produced decrees of various sorts designed to bring about changes in market structures and business practices. Yet very little time and effort have been spent, inside government or out, in assessing the effects of these decrees on the behavior of corporations or on the status of competition in the industries affected. Mr. Whitney attempts an appraisal of what actually happened as distinct from what the courts assumed would happen.

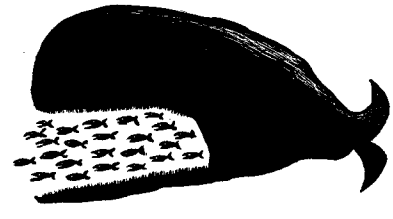
The results are at times surprising. Some antitrust suits have had unexpected consequences because economic forces beyond the scope of the antitrust laws were involved. When steel and cement companies were directed to drop the "basing point" method of pricing, they stopped absorbing freight charges and thereby increased their profits. When motion-picture companies were forced to dispose of their theater interests in order to alleviate the condition of the independent exhibitors, they became sharper bargainers to the detriment of the theater owners.

The study finds too that unexpected results have often followed antitrust suits which the government did *not* win. Three classic examples of government defeat were the failures to break up American Can in 1916, U.S. Steel in 1920, and International Harvester in 1927. In each case the share of the industry in the hands of the big firm *declined* during the following decades. Mr. Whitney concludes that a dominant firm is not likely—provided an industry's technology is free—to retain its original share of the market even if it is not dissolved by antitrust action. This does not necessarily mean that the smaller concerns are more efficient, although they often may be. It means, Mr. Whitney believes, that there are "psychological, political, and managerial obstacles" that prevent a giant firm from growing at the same rapid rate as its smaller rivals. Among these obstacles, it might be added, may have been the antitrust prosecution, even though unsuccessful.

The Price Setters

What does the study contribute to our understanding of "administered" prices and similar practices in such fields as steel and aluminum? Although the term has only recently gained wide acceptance, it was first used by Gardiner Means as far back as 1935. Prices in almost all of the twenty industries covered by this study have been, like most industrial and some farm prices, "administered" by the sellers. "People are sometimes puzzled," Mr. Whitney observes, "by successive statements of U.S. Steel executives that they try to set the price with a sense of responsibility toward customers and competitors alike, and that they do not set the price but follow the currents of supply and demand. The explanation is that they do have some degree of power over price, regardless of disclaimers, but that they do not have enough power to escape the full impact of supply and demand." Recent developments appear to indicate that this power is increasing.

Another current controversy on which the Twentieth Century Fund study throws some light concerns the question of "price leadership" in the steel industry. U.S. Steel is commonly supposed to be the "price leader" of the industry, setting prices for its smaller rivals to follow. But in the latest round of price increases at the end of July, it was widely noticed that it was Armco Steel Corporation —the seventh largest producer— which initiated the upward march, to be followed in turn by Republic Steel and Jones & Laughlin, and only last by Bethlehem and U.S. Steel, the two largest producers. Mr. Whitney points out that the price leadership of U.S. Steel has never been complete and that today other companies seem to lead the way more often than formerly. He also observes that if the courts were to hold that continued price leadership by the *same* firm was the equivalent of an illegal price agreement, such a decision might induce other firms to establish facilities for market research and price setting, so that the leadership could then shift about more often. In industries like aluminum—and now perhaps in steel—the price leadership does shift around in this way. But, as the author observes and the latest steel-price increase confirms, even when the leadership shifts about more than it used to, the



other companies follow the leader of the moment almost as faithfully as before.

A RELATED QUESTION of current interest explored by the Whitney study is the matter of price uniformity. Senator Kefauver, as the chairman of the antitrust subcommittee, emphasized repeatedly during the recent hearings that the price increase in steel was a case of the companies acting in unison to put

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT and CHESTER BOWLES issue

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vs.	vs.	vs.
Goodwin Knight	Edward Thye	Frank Barrett

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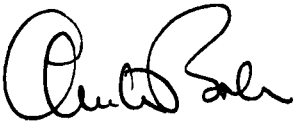

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uniform boosts into effect despite varying costs. Did not the uniformity of the price increases, Kefauver inquired, provide reasonable cause to believe that antitrust laws had been violated?

Assistant Attorney General Victor R. Hansen replied that he was giving serious consideration to whether a grand jury should be put to work on the case. But FTC Chairman John W. Gwynne took the position that the price increases did not necessarily show there was a conspiracy by the steel industry; that this has been a time of steady increases in prices generally; that the FTC could not investigate all price increases; and that the commission knew of no price-fixing conspiracy by the steel industry. To Kefauver's persistent queries regarding uniform prices despite varying costs, Gwynne retorted that a similar pattern prevailed in many industries.

Mr. Whitney's conclusions on the question of price uniformity appear to be closer to the views of the FTC chairman than to those of Senator Kefauver. He points out that uniformity of prices among sellers may reflect either a secret agreement or merely product identity. Supporting evidence, such as letters, minutes of meetings, or testimony of participants, is needed to prove collusion. Sheer self-interest of each seller acting independently can also create price uniformity: each knows that if he charges more than the others his sales will decline, and if he charges less his rivals will be forced to meet his price. Uniformity will then be restored, but at a less profitable level for all producers.

FINALLY, Mr. Whitney explores the ubiquitous wage-price spiral. The study shows that since the Second World War, hourly earnings in the steel industry have risen proportionately even more than steel prices. But because productivity per man-hour increased too, labor costs actually *declined* from more than forty-one per cent of sales in 1946 to less than thirty-four per cent in 1955. The author comments: "Apparently the union's demands have given the steel producers an obvious occasion, and a defense required by the state of public opinion, for stepping up prices while the market was running strong"—and, it might be added, not so strong.

The antitrust laws, Mr. Whitney concludes, are effect as well as cause of the competitive spirit in the United States. A country without such a spirit would not have passed such laws, or would not enforce them if enacted. He cites Great Britain as an example: no antitrust law was passed there until the Labour Party came to power after the Second World War, and the resulting Monopoly Act of 1948 has had little influence.

It might be added that recent antitrust experience in West Germany has been similarly inconclusive. Perhaps our antitrust policies are not always as effective as they ought to be, but we still lead the western world in combating monopolies.

BOOK NOTES:

Complaint of Lost Innocence

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE, by Mary and Padraic Colum. *Doubleday. $4.*

Unquestionably *Anna Livia Plurabelle* sings like a brook, like a rivulet, like a river. All the water sounds are in it, the rippling, the splashing, the plashing, and the more than five hundred rivers that the Colums think may be mentioned in it do indeed flow finally into the sea, their youth long past, their travel and travail accomplished. If one puts even the slightest good will into the reading of Joyce, particularly aloud, his words—taken from the dictionary of classical antiquity, the gazetteer of the world, the Dublin telephone directory, as well as a number of living or dead languages, combined, elaborated, deformed, punned on, or simply invented—make music that enthralls. Unaccompanied by violins, drums, flutes, and hunting horns, this music is more dangerous to the mind than Wagner's. It fascinates and hypnotizes a deeper region.

Reading Joyce, the mind strives to resist the Kundry spell. It might be wiser if we agreed to drift down the Liffey, saunter through a Bloomsday in Dublin, and then get back to business, retaining of course the random collection of images and pleasures we acquire from any excursion into unfamiliar places. But no, the mind, trained to the accurate and the lucid, rejects such facile pleasures. It questions Joyce as if he were a new Rosetta Stone, disregarding the fact that the ancients who carved the hieroglyphics were not poets and did not play jokes.

There used to be a recurrent feature in magazines and newspapers. There would be a landscape: a house, for instance, with a great gnarled tree beside it. By looking at it closely, turning the picture sideways or upside down, it was possible to discover hidden images, a cat, a crow, a little girl, concealed in the lines that formed the branches, the foliage of the tree, or an angry face emerging from the pattern of the bricks above the doorway of the house. Joyce was a poet, certainly, but he liked his fun. Not occasionally, that fun consisted in inducing the reader to look for the cat, the crow, the angry face—in vain, because either Joyce had not put them in the picture at all or, if they were there, they could be perceived only by a very special kind of Dubliner, localized in time and nonexistent now, endowed with a very special type of memory.

It may be said that Joyce's was one way of obeying the ancient counsel that art must conceal its mechanics. The mechanics are there, infinitely elaborate. They are right on the surface; all their complicated apparatus is exposed; the ticking of the works is audible; indeed, the vast literature of the commentaries on *Ulysses,* on *Finnegans Wake,* has made it deafening. But precisely because the mechanics are on the surface, immediately obtrusive and annoying, it

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becomes possible to look through them, to treat them as if they did not exist, to disregard entirely the exegesis they so stridently demand. Then, in the silence of the unquestioning mind, the music of the words—reading them simply as they are printed, allowing the stress of memory or association to occur but not be striven for—the music of the cadences will rise and gently fall.

Mary and Padraic Colum's book treats Joyce himself in a somewhat similar spirit. They were his friends. They suffered his faults of character; they were aware of the faults in his work. When they did not understand what he was doing they told Joyce so. But they knew that he was a poet and they knew that he suffered. He was one more Irishman making songs out of his grief, one more Irish exile, bitter about the Church and about how his people had treated Parnell and about the poverty of his youth. The Colums knew also that with Joyce as with all men, bitterness is longing. The music of Joyce is the desolate complaint of lost innocence.

UNESCO WORLD ART SERIES: MEXICO, PRE-HISPANIC PAINTINGS. **Thirty-two full-page color reproductions. Preface by Jacques Soustelle. Introduction by Ignacio Bernal. *New York Graphic Society. $18.***

In one respect, anyway, the de Gaulle government has not broken with the tradition of the Third and Fourth French Republics. It does not seem to matter what the politics of the moment may be in Paris; there will always be a literary man or two serving in the state in high position. When the last war broke out, Jean Giraudoux, commissioner of information and author of *Siegfried et le Limousin*, a charming novel concerned with Franco-German relations, provided the press with delicate remarks about freedom. At the same time Alexis Léger (the poet St.-J. Perse) was secretary-general of the ministry of foreign affairs. Now de Gaulle—himself a writer of classic prose—starts out again with André Malraux and follows him up with Jacques Soustelle. Soustelle is the man of the Algerian uprising but, not in the least surprisingly, here we come upon him writing the preface, a thoroughly authoritative one, to this handsome book on Mayan art.

It would be pleasant to say that the Mayans self-portrayed within its pages are as handsome as the book. They are not. They combine lasciviousness with cruelty, and their noses are parrots' beaks. Looking at them, one recalls that even Cortez shuddered at his discovery that their practices were bloodier than his own. There is a mural in this volume that shows a group of prisoners awaiting their no uncertain fate: they are as hideous as their captors.

It may seem irrelevant to show prejudice about these Mayans. Chesterton pointed out that the canon of Greek beauty had ruined our capacity to appreciate any other. Times have changed since he wrote. Malraux's museum without walls has put on show, in fine colored reproductions, the art of almost every race in the world. We have learned, with no difficulty at all and no resistance, to recognize a vast world of variegated loveliness—even that achieved by Australian bushmen, for instance. But we draw a line at the Mayans. This latest addition to the great UNESCO series, though it does not deal with perhaps their greatest achievement, architecture, does show vividly, however, the culture of one of the strangest peoples who lived on this continent before our times.

NORMANDY REVISITED, by A. J. Liebling. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

The last chapter in this book, which narrates Mr. Liebling's entry into liberated Paris with General Leclerc's French army, is one for the anthologies. The author, like Stendhal's Fabrice del Dongo at Waterloo, tells only what he saw and what he did, the roads he took, the people he talked with, the watch tower from which, at last, after those four years, he saw Paris once again; and there is no hint—through descriptive or lyrical writing or editorializing—of how he manages to bring back all that one has ever known or cared for in Paris. He is very American in point of view, as far removed as can be from the professional Francophile. Probably it is just that he likes the French and is one of the most effective writers in the business.

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Death of a Sad Knight

ROBERT PHELPS

THE DEATH OF MANOLETE, by Barnaby Conrad. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.*

Photographs, text, and imaginative layouts are combined in this book to make as minutely documentary a record of a single event as possible—in this case, the history that led up to the late afternoon hours of August 28, 1947, when Spain's greatest matador, Manuel Rodríguez, known to the world as Manolete, or the Knight of the Sad Countenance, or simply The Monster, was fatally gored at Linares.

Manolete, of course, is an ideal subject, since even without this limning and simplification, his image imparts to *aficionados* some of the same fierce appeal as the lives of martyrs, poets, or kings who were dedicated to a single choice and consumed in the consequences. A son, grandson, and nephew of toreros, Manolete had bulls in his blood. He brought to the art of the *corrida* a neo-classic austerity beside which the tricks, athletics, and body-beautiful exhibitionism of his contemporaries appeared merely rococo and frivolous.

"His greatness," said Carlos Arruza, "stemmed from the fact that he was the only fighter who dominated the bull while at the same time remaining still and calm . . ." Thus he purified the language of his tribe. His style was one defined by Cocteau as *"une façon très simple de dire des choses compliquées."*

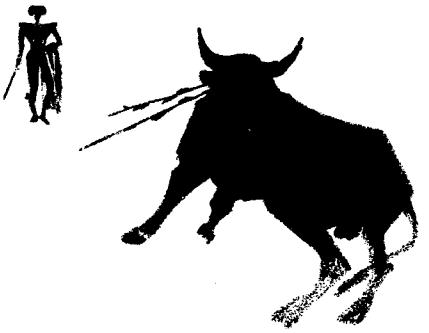
In person he was preposterous-looking: "pop-eyed, chinless, badly bodied, painfully and barely dignified," said one of his commentators, "as if Hamlet came on as a fat man." Yet when he had planted his two feet on the sand, summoned the bull, and remained absolutely fixed as its seventeen hundred pounds grazed his rib cage, "beauty was created from clay in a single instant." For eight years, this spectacle impelled crowds to demand more and more of him until, in his final season, they would actually boo him for passes that would have earned any other fighter an *"Olé!"* "I know very well what they want," he told Arruza, "and one of these afternoons I just might give it to them to keep the bastards happy." Hardly two months after his thirtieth birthday, he did just that, and bled to death the same night.

It is not surprising that in the Pan-Hispanic world Manolete has become almost as immortal as Don Quixote. What is curious is that here in the United States, where the *corrida* is not practiced—and is even generally deplored as a calculated form of unkindness to dumb animals—we should have not only a documentary film but this picture book and even an LP record devoted to the death of a bullfighter.

Rise of the *Corrida*

Twenty, even ten years ago, this would have been unthinkable. There were isolated *aficionados,* of course. Hemingway had introduced the subject to our literature, and after he had become a best-selling novelist, had even managed to foist a five-hundred-page handbook of tauromachy on his unsuspecting readers. But otherwise bullfighting was regarded only as another characteristically Mediterranean form of brutality worse than cockfighting, less bad than Sicilian vendettas. We whistled tunes from *Carmen* and let Walt Disney tell us the story of Ferdinand.

Things have changed since the war. The *corrida* has become the only spectator sport I can think of which is enjoyed by an increasing number of enthusiasts who are not even spectators, whose vicariousness is itself secondhand. Barnaby Conrad has already made a substantial career as such an entrepreneur, and a couple of years ago Wright Morris wrote a very good novel about a corrida in Mexico City. More and more movies are edging in on the subject, if only for background.



I am myself not an *aficionado,* but I am not immune to the secondhand bookish fascination I have mentioned. In fact, I finished *The Death of Manolete* with as much curiosity about my own taste as with interest in the subject itself, and can therefore hardly even claim to be reviewing the book so much as wondering why it moved me so.

I suppose, in the first place, that like most of my generation I am parched for images of individual action. We are all so densely enmeshed in standardization, anonymity, togetherness, and similarity (with the homely, handmade, hard-won article or gesture getting rarer and rarer) that any combination of risk and singleness is attractive. We seem to want to behold an absolutely solitary soul pitted against unaverage, unpredictable odds, and in our literary version of the *corrida,* this is what we get. For we usually pass over the picadors and the *banderilleros,* and concentrate only on the third act of a bullfight, the *faena,* in which one man faces one bull, alone.

TO THIS particular thirst, the moral appeal of a matador is unique. Except possibly in the kind of writing in which the author himself is at stake—books like Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* or *Walden,* or Genêt's *Journal du Voleur;* or in the "action painting" in which the artist wishes his canvas to expose his very attempt to create, there is no planned, public spectacle comparable in deliberate, personal avowal and risk to the matador's *faena.* Most sport, like most art, is a game. It is played in earnest, and with passion, skill, and risk. But it is still a game. At most, the player loses money, or applause, or a score.

But when a matador takes up sword and muleta and cries *"Toro!"* to his bull, a single man is consciously risking his soul as well as his body. Both are vulnerable, for he brings into the ring not only his craft and his courage but his weakness and his fear. He is, in the minutes that follow, totally at stake, monstrously watched.

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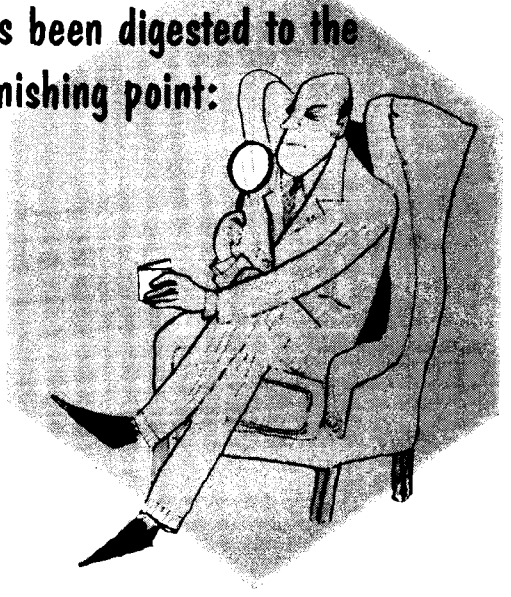

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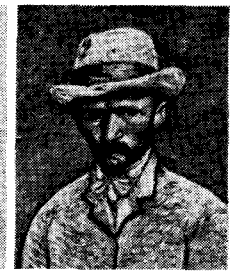

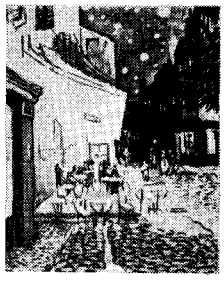

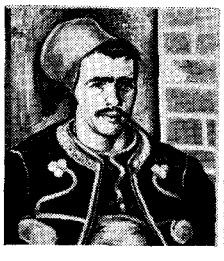

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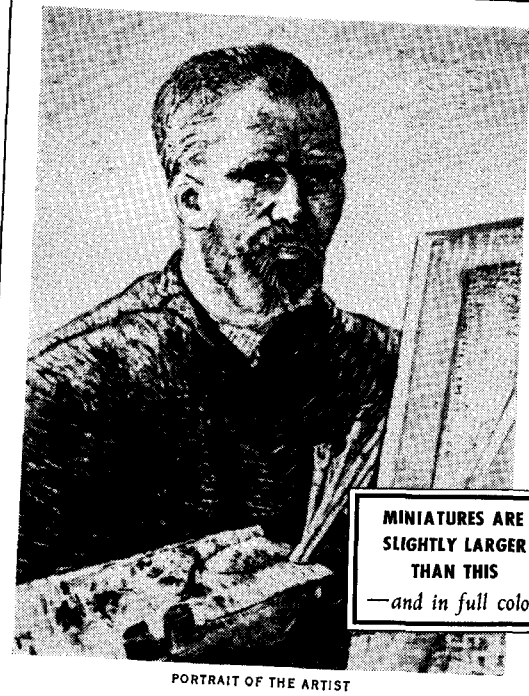
ONE-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION SUGGESTED, with no obligation to continue. The purpose is to acquaint you with the project. At no expense you can examine the 24 miniature reproductions of paintings by VINCENT VAN GOGH, read the album —then decide, within the month, whether or not you wish to continue. If not, simply let us know and we shall immediately cancel your subscription. No matter what your decision, the introductory VINCENT VAN GOGH set is free. The price for each set (if you continue) is $1.25, including the album. With the first set purchased, and with every sixth set thereafter, you will receive free a portfolio which holds six albums.

PLEASE NOTE: Since the Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

MINIATURES ARE SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN THIS *—and in full color*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 8-9
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

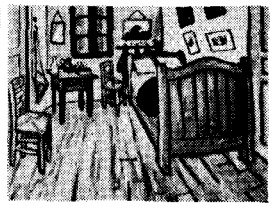
Please send me at once 24 full-color Miniatures by VINCENT VAN GOGH, with album, without charge. This may be considered a trial subscription. I reserve the right to cancel, according to your offer, within one month or any time thereafter. If I continue, after this free set I will be billed $1.25 for each set of Miniatures with album (plus 10 cents for postage). To facilitate handling and billing, two sets will be sent every second month. With my first purchase I will receive free a handsome portfolio in which to keep six albums. Additional portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed. Whether I decide to continue or not the free set is mine to keep.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address .....

City .....*Zone*.....*State*.....

M40



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